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FOR ANNIVERSARIES AND GATHERINGS OF SOLDIERS.

The Choruses of all the Songs are arranged for  
**MALE VOICES.**

BOSTON.

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# AMERICAN PATRIOTIC SONGS

A NEW BOOK FOR THE PEOPLE

A Splendid Collection of National Lyrics  
 All the Old Beloved Favorites

"AMERICAN PATRIOTIC SONGS" is a book of carefully selected national lyrics, with words and music complete. There are nearly sixty selections, songs, hymns, etc., in the collection. The book will satisfy all who desire the music of our native land, in this convenient and cheap form. It is specially

Useful for Patriotic Occasions

All the old, standard, and firmly established songs and hymns of America are to be found in this book; and many of the songs, also, that have become indissolubly connected with our history. Observe the following list of contents

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America.....	★	Land of Washington. (Male Voices).....
American Hymn. (Male Voices).....		Let the Hills and Vales Resound.....
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Banner of Freedom.....	★	My Country 'tis of Thee.....
Banner of the Sea.....		National Praise.....
Battle Hymn of the Republic.....	★	New England.....
Blest of God, the God of Nations.....		O Blessed is the Nation.....
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Columbia.....	★	One Hundred Years Ago.....
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.....		Onward March.....
Columbus, the Knight of Faith.....	★	Our Bravos.....
Dixie's Land.....		Our Father God.....
E Pluribus Unum.....	★	Our Flag is There .....
Firmly Stand, My Native Land.....		Prayer for the Republic.....
Flag of our Union.....	★	Raise the bright Flag of Columbia .....
Glory Hallelujah.....		Rally 'Round the Flag.....
God of our Fathers.....	★	Red, White and Blue .....
God of the Nations.....		Revolutionary Tea.....
God Save our Union.....	★	Sound the loud Timbrel .....
Hail! All Hail.....		Star Spangled Banner. (Mixed Voices).....
Hail Columbia.....	★	Star Spangled Banner. (Male Voices).....
Hear Us, Lord of the World.....		Sword of Bunker Hill.....
Hurrah for New England.....	★	Unfurl the glorious Banner.....
John Brown.....		Viva L'America.....
Landing of the Pilgrims.....	★	When George the Third was King.....
Land of Freedom.....		Yankee Doodle.....
Land of Washington. (Mixed Voices).....	★	

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Dedicated to the

G. A. R.

---

# WAR SONGS,

FOR

**Anniversaries and Gatherings of Soldiers,**

TO WHICH IS ADDED A SELECTION OF

SONGS AND HYMNS

FOR

MEMORIAL DAY.

THE CHORUSES OF ALL THE SONGS ARE ARRANGED FOR

**MALE VOICES.**

---

BOSTON:

**OLIVER DITSON COMPANY.**

NEW YORK:

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# WAR SONGS.

## TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

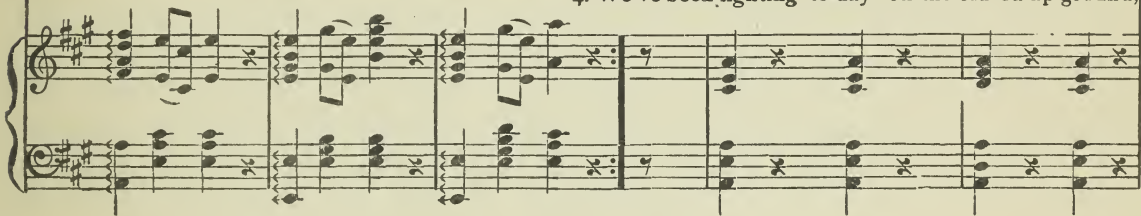
Words and Music by WALTER KITTREDGE.

Arranged by M. F. H. SMITH.

*Tempo di Marcia.*  
REVEILLE.



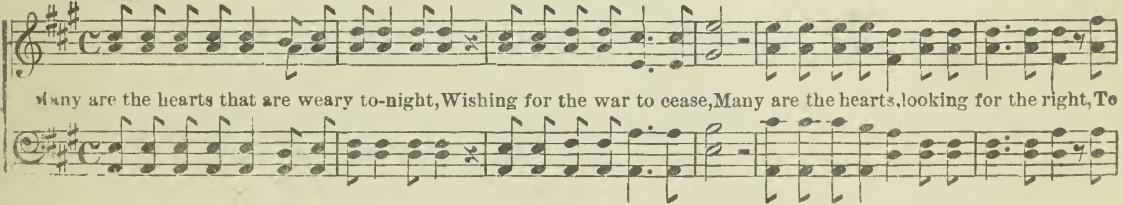
1. We're tent-ing to-night on the old Camp ground,
2. We've been tenting to-night on the old Camp ground,
3. We are tired of war on the old Camp ground,
4. We've been fighting to day on the old Camp ground,



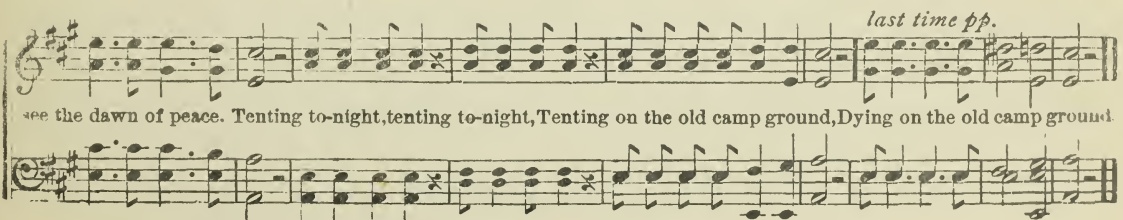
Give us a song to cheer Our wea-ry hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so dear.  
Thinking of days gone by, Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "good-bye!"  
Ma-ny are dead and gone, Of the brave and true who've left their homes, Others been wounded long  
Ma-ny are ly-ing near; Some are dead, and some are dying, Many are in tears.



CHORUS.



Many are the hearts that are weary to-night, Wishing for the war to cease, Many are the hearts, looking for the right, To



see the dawn of peace. Tenting to-night, tenting to-night, Tenting on the old camp ground, Dying on the old camp ground.

last verse. Dying to-night. dying to-night,

Revised 27 Feb 40 Lockley

## DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?

Music by S. M. GRANNIS

*Dolce Legato.*

*f* *p* *Playfully.*

1. Do they miss me at home, do they  
2. When twilight approaches, the

*Sostenuto.*

miss me? 'Twould be an assurance most dear, To know that this moment some  
sea - son That ev - er is sa - cred to song, Does some one re - peat my name

loved one, Were say - ing, I wish he were here; To feel that the group at the  
o - ver, And sigh that I tar - ry so long! And is there a chord in the



fire - side, Were thinking of me as I roam, Oh yes, 'twould be joy beyond  
mu - sic, That's miss'd when my voice is a - way, And a chord in each heart that a -

measure To know that they miss'd me at home, To know that they miss'd me at  
waketh Re - gret at my wea - ri - some stay, Re - gret at my wea - ri - some

*ad lib.*

home.  
stay.

3 Do they set me a chair near the table  
When ev'ning's home pleasures are nigh,  
When the candles are lit in the parlor,  
And the stars in the calm azure sky?  
And when the "good nights" are repeated,  
And all lay them down to their sleep,  
Do they think of the absent, and waft me  
A whispered "good night" while they weep?

4 Do they miss me at home—do they miss me  
At morning, at noon, or at night?  
And lingers one gloomy shade round them  
That only my presence can light?  
Are joys less invitingly welcome,  
And pleasures less hale than before,  
Because one is missed from the circle,  
Because I am with them no more?

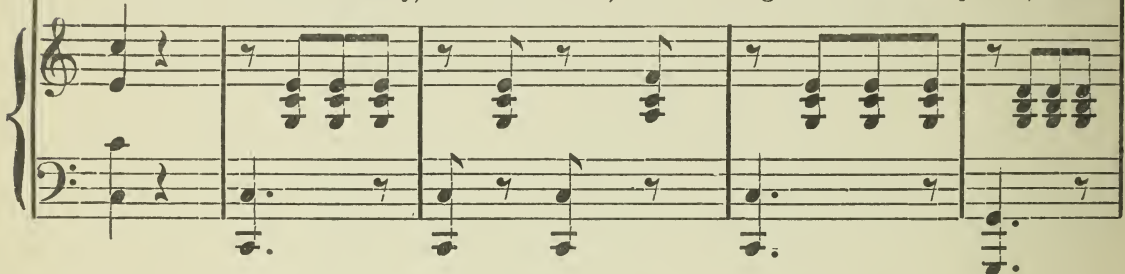


## KINGDOM COMING.

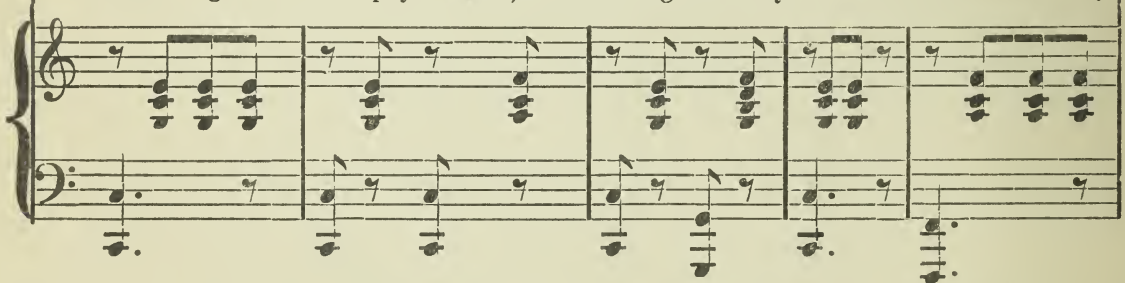
Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.



1 Say, darkeys, hab you seen de massa, Wid de muffstas on his face, Go  
 2. He six foot one way, two foot tudder, An' he weigh tree hundred pound, His



long de road some time dis mornin', Like he gwine to leab de place? He seen a smoke, way  
 coat so big he couldn't pay de tailor, An' it won't go half way round. He drill so much dey



up de ribber, Whar de Limkum gumboats lay; He took his hat, an' lef berry sudden, An' I  
 call him Cap'an, An' he get so drefful tann'd, I spec he try an' fool dem Yankees For to



## CHORUS.

spec ae's run a-way! tink he's con-tra-band. De mas-sa run, ha! ha! De dar-keys stay, ho!

ho! It mus' be now de kingdom coming, An' de year ob Ju-bi-lo!

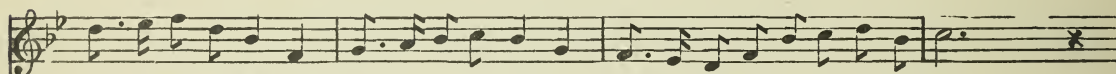
3 De darkeys feel so lonesome, libing  
 In de log-house on de lawn,  
 Dey move dar tings to massa's parlor  
 For to keep it while he's gone.  
 Dar's wine an' cider in de kitchen,  
 An' de darkeys dey'll hab some,  
 I spose dey'll all be confiscated,  
 When de Linkum sojers come.

4 De oberseer he make us trouble,  
 An' he drible us round a spell;  
 We lock him up in de smoke-house cellar,  
 Wid de key trown in de well.  
 De whip is lost, de han'-cuff broken,  
 But de massa'll hab his pay;  
 He's ole enough, big enough, ought to know  
 Dan to went an' run away. [better.

# BABYLON IS FALLENI

## SEQUEL TO "KINGDOM COMING."

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK. No. 21.



1. Don't you see de black clouds Ris-in' o - ber yonder, Whar de Massa's ole plantation am ?
2. Don't you see de lightnin' Flashin' in de canebrake, Like as if we're gwine to hab a storm ?
3. Way up in de cornfield, Whar you hear de tunder, Dat is our ole for-ty-pounder gun ;

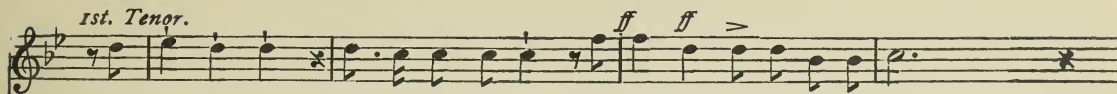


Neb-ber you oe frightened, Dem is on-ly dar - keys, Come to jine an' fight for Uncle Sam.  
 No ! you is mis-tak - en, 'Tis de darkey's bay'nets, An' de buttons on dar u - ni-form.  
 When de shells are miss-in', Den we load wid punkins, All de same to make de cowards run





## CHORUS.

*1st. Tenor.*

Look out dar, now! We's a gwine to shoot, Look out dar, don't you understand?

*2d. Tenor.*

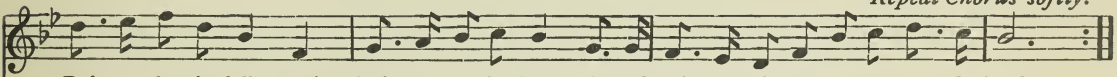
Look out dar, now! We's a gwine to shoot, Look out dar, don't you understand?

*1st. Bass.*

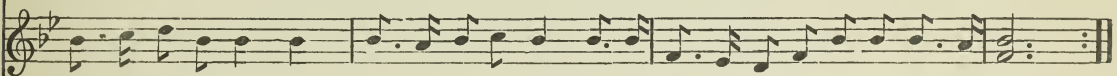
Look out dar, now! We's a gwine to shoot, Look out dar, don't you understand?

*2d. Bass.*

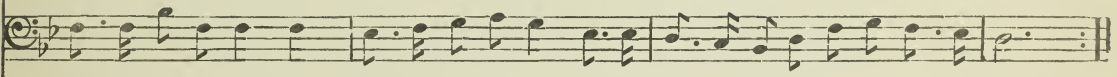
O, don't you know dat

*Repeat Chorus softly.*

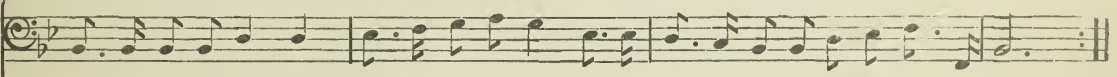
Bab - y - lon is fall - en! Bab - y - lon is fall - en! And we's a gwine to oc - cu - py de land.



Bab - y - lon is fall - en! Bab - y - lon is fall - en! And we's a gwine to oc - cu - py de land.



Bab - y - lon is fall - en! Bab - y - lon is fall - en! And we's a gwine to oc - cu - py de land.



4 Massa was de Kernel  
 In de rebel army,  
 Ebber sence he went an' run away;  
 But his lubly darkeys,  
 Dey has been a watchin',  
 An' dey take him pris'ner tudder day.  
 CHO.—Look out dar, &c.

5 We will be de massa,  
 He will be de sarvant—  
 Try him how he like it for a spell;  
 So we crack de Butt'nuts.  
 So we take de Kernel,  
 So de cannon carry back de shell.  
 CHO.—Look out dar, &c

## BRAVE BOYS ARE THEY!

## DUET AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

*Not too fast.**Give the quarter notes their full time, with strongly marked accent.*

1. Heav - i - ly falls the rain,.....	Wild are the breez - es to - night ;	But
2. Un - der the home - stead roof,.....	Nest - led so co - zy and warm,	While
3. Think - ing no less of them,.....	Lov - ing our coun - try the more,	We
4. May the bright wings of love,.....	Guard them wher - ev - er they roam ;	The

'neath the roof, the hours as they fly,	Are hap - py, and calm.	and bright.....
sol - diers sleep, with lit - tle or naught,	To shelter them from	the storm.....
sent them forth to fight for the flag,	Their fa - thers be - fore	them bore.....
time has come when brothers must fight,	And sis - ters must pray	at home.....

Gath - er - ing round our fire - side,	Tho' it be sum - mer time,	We
Rest - ing on gras - sy couch - es,	Pil - low'd on hil - locks damp ;	Of
Tho' the great tear - drops start - ed,	This was our part - ing trust ;	"God
Oh ! the dread field of bat - tle !	Soon to be strewn with graves !	!!

*ritard.*

sit and talk of brothers a-broad, For - getting the mid - night chime.....  
 mar - tial fare, how lit - tle we know, Till brothers are in the camp.....  
 bless you boys! we'll wel - come you home, When rebels are in the dust.".....  
 broth - ers fall, then bu - ry them where Our ban - ner in tri - umph waves.....

*ritard.*

CHORUS

Brave boys are they!.... Gone at their coun - try's call, And

Brave boys are they!.... Gone at their coun - try's call, And

yet, and yet we can - not for - get, That many brave boys must fall.....

yet, and yet we can - not for - get, That many brave boys must fall.....

*ritard.*



# SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

Written and Composed in Prison, at Columbia, South Carolina, and Dedicated to the Army of the Union.

Words by Lieut. S. H. M. BYERS.

Music by Lieut. J. O. ROCKWELL.

Arranged by A. E. WIMMERSTEDT.



1. Our camp-fire shone bright on the mountains That frown'd on the river be - low, While we

stood by our guns in the morning and ea - ger - ly watch'd for the foe; When a

rid - er came out from the darkness, That hurg o - ver mountain and tree,

And shouted, "boys, up and be rea- dy, For Sherman will march to the sea,"

And shouted, "boys, up and be rea- dy, For Sher-man will march to the sea."

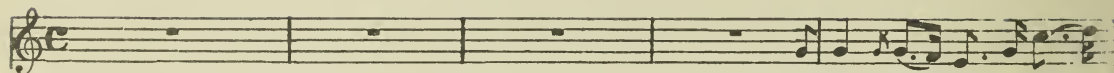
2 Then cheer upon cheer, for bold Sherman  
Went up from each valley and glen,  
And the bugles re-echoed the music  
That came from the lips of the men;  
For we knew that the stars on our banner  
More bright in their splendor would be,  
And that blessings from Northland would greet us  
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

3 Then forward, boys, forward to battle  
We marched on our wearisome way,  
And we stormed the wild hills of Resacca  
God bless those who fell on that day:  
Then Kennesaw, dark in its glory,  
Frowned down on the flag of the free;  
But the East and the West bore our standards,  
And Sherman marched on to the sea.

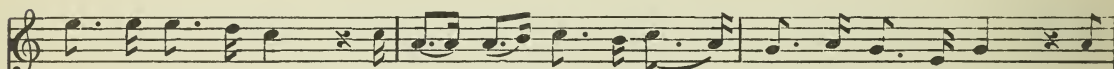
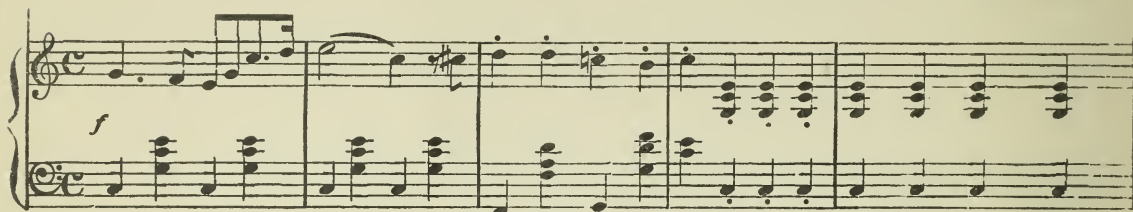
4 Still onward we pressed, till our banner  
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,  
And the blood of the patriot dampened  
The soil where the traitor flag falls;  
But we paused not to weep for the fallen,  
Who slept by each river and tree,  
Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel  
As Sherman marched down to the sea.

5 Oh, proud was our army that morning,  
That stood where the pine proudly towers,  
When Sherman said, "boys, you are weary:  
This day fair Savannah is ours!"  
Then sang we a song for our chieftain,  
That echoed o'er river and lea,  
And the stars in our banner shone brighter,  
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

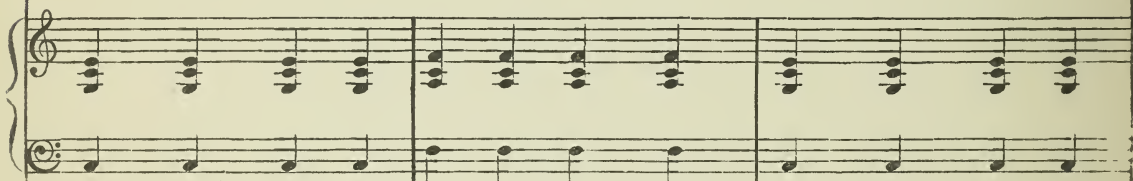
## GLORY! GLORY! HALLELUJAH!



1. John Brown's bo - dy lies a  
2. The stars of Heaven are



mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's bo - dy lies a mould'ring in the grave,  
look - ing kind - ly down, The stars of Heaven are look - ing kind - ly down, The



Johu Brown's bo - dy lies a mould'ring in the grave, His soul is marching on.  
stars of Heaven are look - ing kind - ly down, On the grave of old John Brown.



- 3 ||: He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord! ||  
His soul is marching on.  
4 ||: John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back, ||  
His soul is marching on.  
5 ||: His pet lambs will meet him on the way, ||  
And they'll go marching on.  
6 ||: They will hang Jeff Davis to a tree ||  
As they march along.



## CHORUS.

Glo - ry! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! His soul is marching on.

Glo - ry! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! His soul is marching on.

## BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

1 Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the  
Lord;

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of  
wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible  
swift sword;

His truth is marching on.

2 I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred  
circling camps,

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews  
and damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and  
flaring lamps;

His day is marching on.

3 I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of  
steel;

"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my  
grace shall deal:"

Let the Hero, born of woman crush the serpent  
with his heel,

Since God is marching on.

4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never  
call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judg-  
ment seat;

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant  
my feet!

Our God is marching on.

5 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across  
the sea,

With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and  
me;

As he died to make men holy, let us die to make  
men free,

While God is marching on.

Words and Music by JOHN L. PARKER.

*Marching time.*

1. 'Twas side by side as comrades dear, In  
 2. And tho' thro' all these years of peace, We've  
 3. What if grim age creeps on a-pace, Our

dark days long a - go, We fought the fight with-out a fear, And rendered blow for  
 somewhat old - er grown, The spir - it of those ear-ly days, We'll ev - er proud-ly  
 souls shall not grow old, But we will stand as in the days When we were warriors

blow. In bat - tle, march, or pris - on pen, Each un - to each was  
 own. Our grand old flag is just as fair, As in the try - ing  
 bold. We stood for right—for our dear land, For home, and all that's

true,  
time,  
true,

As beard- less boys became strong men, And brav'd the long war through.  
When trai- tors sought its folds to tear, And we suppressed the crime  
So firm - ly clasp hand un - to hand, And com - radeship re - new.

## CHORUS.

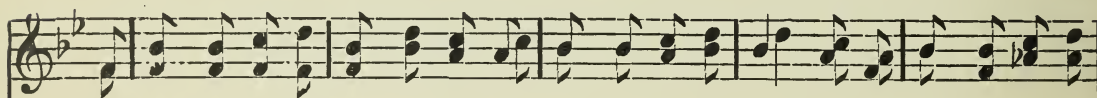
1st &amp; 2d TENOR.

We are the boys, the gay old boys, Who marched in Six - ty -  
1st & 2d BASS.

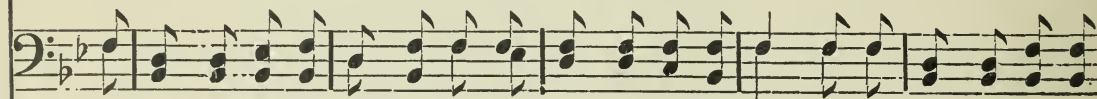
- one; We'll ne'er for- get old times, my boys, When you and I were young.



ORIGIN OF YANKEE DOODLE.—In the summer of 1775, the British army, under command of Abercrombie, lay encamped on the east bank of the Hudson river, a little south of the city of Albany, awaiting reinforcements of militia from the Eastern States, previous to marching on Ticonderoga. During the month of June these raw levies poured into camp, company after company, each man differently armed, equipped and accoutred from his neighbor, and the whole presenting such a spectacle as was never equalled, unless by the celebrated regiment of merry Jack Falstaff. Their *outré* appearance furnished great amusement to the British officers. One Dr. Shamburg, an English surgeon, composed the tune of Yankee Doodle, and arranged it to words, which were gravely dedicated to the new recruits. The joke took, and the tune has come down to this day. The original words, which we take from Farmer and Moore's "His torical Collections," published in 1820, we have not, however, met with before in many years.

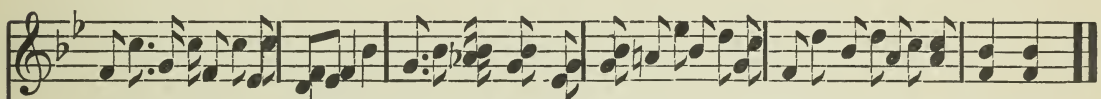
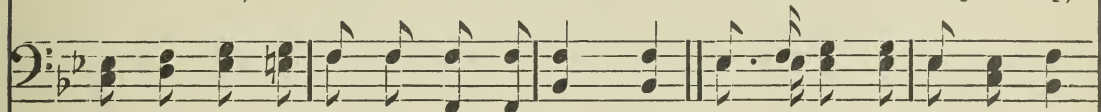


1. Fa-ther and I went down to camp, A-long with Captain Good-win, And there we saw the
2. And there was Captain Washington Up-on a slapping stal-lion, And giv-ing or-ders
3. And then the feathers on his hat, They looked so tarnal fine-y, I want-ed pes-ki-
4. And there they had a swamping gun, As big as a log of ma-ple, On a deu-ced

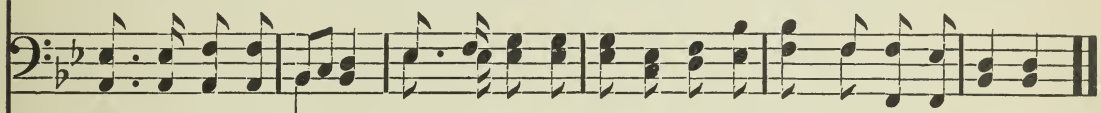




men and boys, As thick as has - ty pud - ding. Yan-kee Doo-dle Keep it up,  
 to his men, I guess there was a mil - lion. Yan-kee Doo-dle Keep it up,  
 ly to get, To give to my Je - mi - ma. Yan-kee Doo dle Keep it up,  
 lit - tle cart, A load for fa - ther's cat - tle. Yan-kee Doo-dle Keep it up,



Yan-kee Doodle dan-dy. Mind the Music and the step, And with the girls be handy.



5 And every time they fired it off  
 It took a horn of powder;  
 It made a noise like father's gun,  
 Only a nation louder.

6 I went as near to it myself  
 As Jacob's underpinin',  
 And father went as near again—  
 I thought the deuce was in him.

7 (It scared me so I ran the streets,  
 Nor stopped as I remember,  
 Till I got home, and safely locked  
 In granny's little chamber.)

8 And there I see a little keg,  
 Its heads were made of leather,  
 They knocked upon't with little sticks,  
 To call the folks together.

9 And there they'd fife away like fun,  
 And play on corn stalk fiddles,  
 And some had ribbons red as blood,  
 All bound around their middles.

10 The troopers too, would gallop up,  
 And fire right in our faces;  
 It scared me almost half to death  
 To see them run such races.

11 Uncle Sam came there to change  
 Some pancakes and some onions,  
 For 'lasses cakes to carry home  
 To give his wife and young ones.

12 But I can't tell you half I see,  
 They kept up such a smother;  
 So I took my hat off, made a bow,  
 And scampered home to mother.

## THE SONG OF THE CONTRABAND.

Music by B. B. RANBY.

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, and ends with a half note A4. The piano accompaniment starts with a forte (f) dynamic. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5, followed by a quarter rest. The left hand plays a series of eighth notes: G3, A3, B3, C4, D4, E4, F4, G4, followed by a quarter rest. The system concludes with a double bar line.

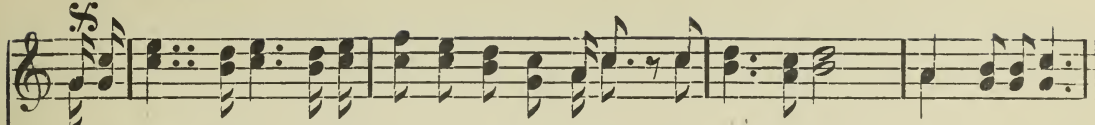
Oh !

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line consists of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5, A5, B5, C6, D6, E6, F6, G6, A6, B6, C7, D7, E7, F7, G7, A7, B7, C8, D8, E8, F8, G8, A8, B8, C9, D9, E9, F9, G9, A9, B9, C10, D10, E10, F10, G10, A10, B10, C11, D11, E11, F11, G11, A11, B11, C12, D12, E12, F12, G12, A12, B12, C13, D13, E13, F13, G13, A13, B13, C14, D14, E14, F14, G14, A14, B14, C15, D15, E15, F15, G15, A15, B15, C16, D16, E16, F16, G16, A16, B16, C17, D17, E17, F17, G17, A17, B17, C18, D18, E18, F18, G18, A18, B18, C19, D19, E19, F19, G19, A19, B19, C20, D20, E20, F20, G20, A20, B20, C21, D21, E21, F21, G21, A21, B21, C22, D22, E22, F22, G22, A22, B22, C23, D23, E23, F23, G23, A23, B23, C24, D24, E24, F24, G24, A24, B24, C25, D25, E25, F25, G25, A25, B25, C26, D26, E26, F26, G26, A26, B26, C27, D27, E27, F27, G27, A27, B27, C28, D28, E28, F28, G28, A28, B28, C29, D29, E29, F29, G29, A29, B29, C30, D30, E30, F30, G30, A30, B30, C31, D31, E31, F31, G31, A31, B31, C32, D32, E32, F32, G32, A32, B32, 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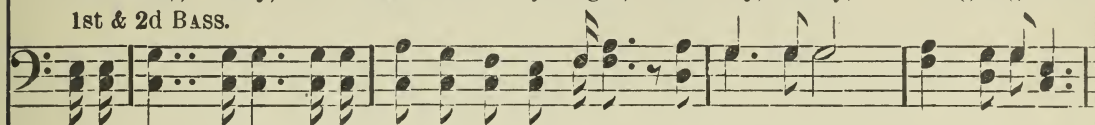
## CHORUS.

1st &amp; 2d TENOR.

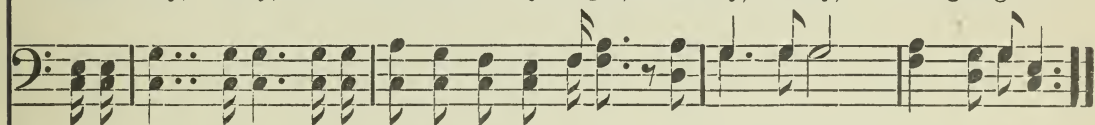


Den a - way, away, for I can't wait a - ny longer, Hoo - ray, hooray, I'm going home.

1st &amp; 2d BASS.



Den a - way, away, for I can't wait a - ny longer, Hoo - ray, hooray, I'm going home.



2 Oh, Mass' got scared and so did his lady,  
Dis chile breaks for Ole Uncle Aby,  
"Open de gates out, here's Ole Shady  
A coming, coming,"  
Hail ! mighty day.

3 Good bye Mass' Jeff, good bye Mis'r Stephens, &  
'Scuse dis niggah for takin his leavins,  
'Spect pretty soo- you'll hear  
Uncle Abram's coming, coming,  
Hail ! mighty day.

4 Good bye, hard work wid never any pay,  
Ise a gwine up North where the good folks say  
Dat white wheat bread and a dollara day,  
Are coming, coming,  
Hail ! mighty day.  
Oh, I've got a wife, and I've got a baby,  
Living up yonder in Lower *Canady*,  
Went dey laugh when dey see Ole Shady  
A coming, coming,  
Hail ! mighty day

## OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

As sung by E. P. CHRISTY.

Written and Composed by S. C. FOSTER.

*Moderato.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G major, starting with a half note G, followed by eighth notes A-B, C-D, E-F, and ending with a half note G. The left hand plays a bass line with chords, starting with a half note G, followed by eighth notes A-B, C-D, E-F, and ending with a half note G.

1. Way down up on de Swa-nee rib-ber, Far, far a-
2. All round de lit-tle farm I wander'd When I was
3. One lit-tle hut a-mong de bush-es, One dat I

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The melody begins with a half note G, followed by eighth notes A-B, C-D, E-F, and ends with a half note G. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

way, Dere's wha' my heart is turn-ing eb-er, Dere's wha' de old folks stay.  
 young, Den man-y hap-py days I squander'd, man-y de songs I sung.  
 love, Still sad-ly to my mem'-ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove.

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The melody includes the lyrics "way, young, love," and "Dere's wha' my heart is turn-ing eb-er, Dere's wha' de old folks stay." The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

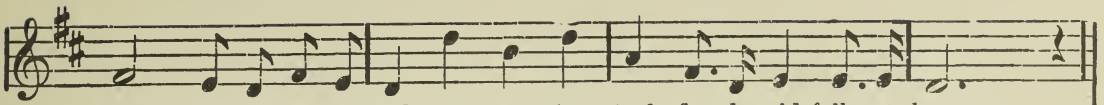
All up and down de whole cre-a-tion Sad-ly I roam,  
 When I was play-ing wid my brud-der, Hap-py was I  
 When will I see de bees a hum-ming, All round de comb?

The third system of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The melody includes the lyrics "All up and down de whole cre-a-tion Sad-ly I roam," "When I was play-ing wid my brud-der, Hap-py was I," and "When will I see de bees a hum-ming, All round de comb?" The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

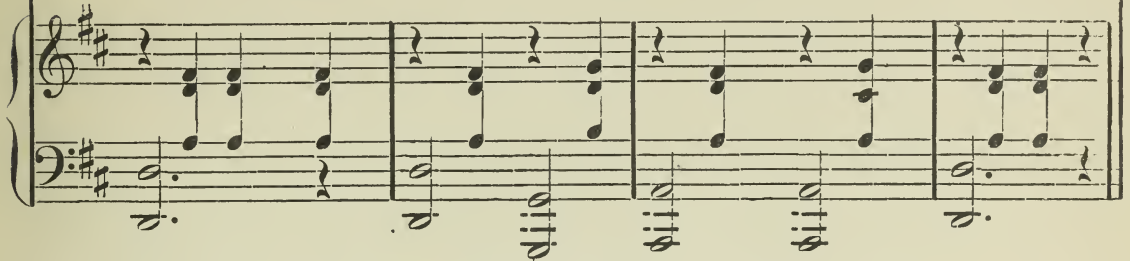
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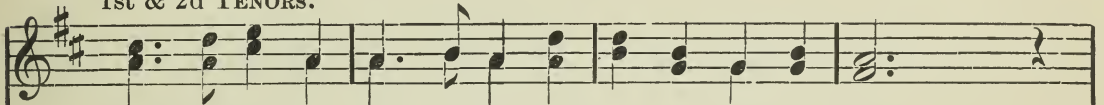


Still longing for de old plan-ta-tion, And for de old folks at home.  
Oh! take me to my kind old mud-der, Dere let me live and die.  
When will I hear de ban-jo tumming, Down in my good old home.

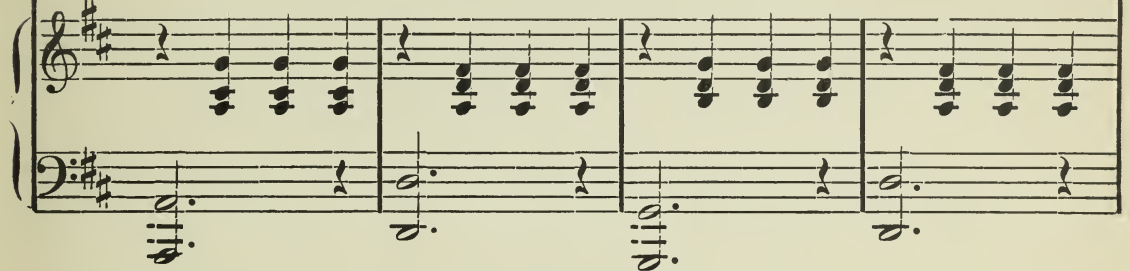
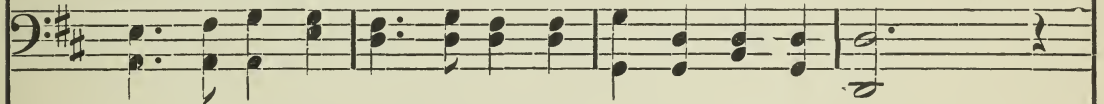


CHORUS.

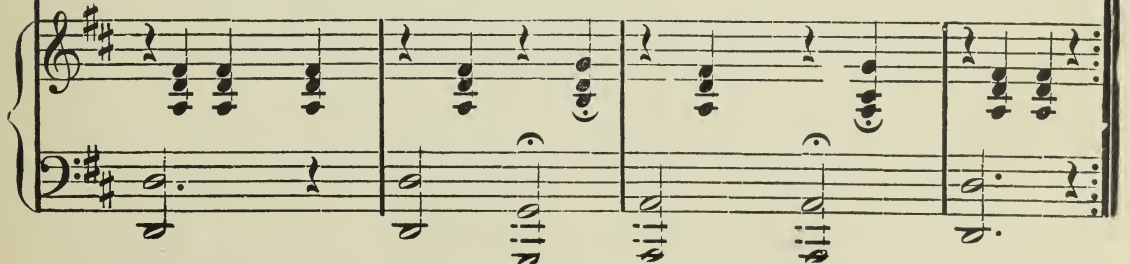
1st & 2d TENORS.



All de world am sad and drea-ry, Eb-ry-where I roam.  
1st & 2d BASSES.



Oh! darkies, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de old folks at home.  
*Melody.*





# MASSA'S IN DE COLD COLD GROUND.

Words and Music by STEPHEN C FOSTER.

*poco lento.*

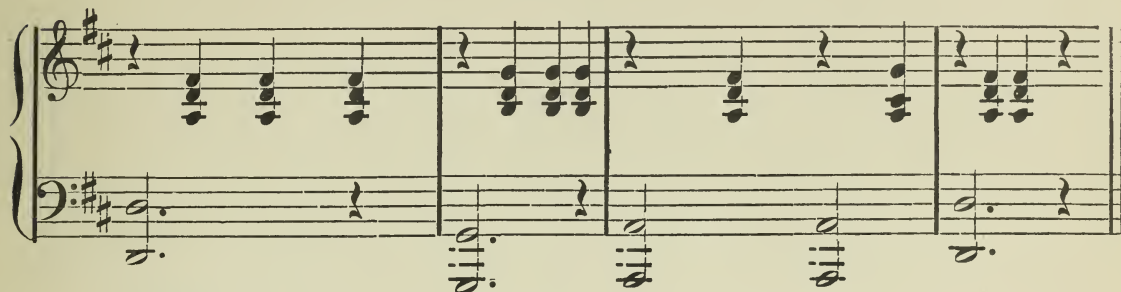
1. Round de meadows am a ring - ing De Darkey's mournful song,
2. When de autumn leaves were fall - ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas
3. Mas - sa make de dar-keys love him, Cayse he was so kind,

While de mocking bird am sing - ing, Hap - py as de day am long.  
 hard to hear old mas-sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and old.  
 Now, dey sad-ly weep a-bove him, Mourning cayse he leave dem behind. I

Where de i - vy am a creep - ing, O'er de gras - sy mound,  
 Now de orange tree am bloom - ing, On de sand - y shore,  
 can - not work be - fore to - mor - row, Cayse de tear - drop flow, I



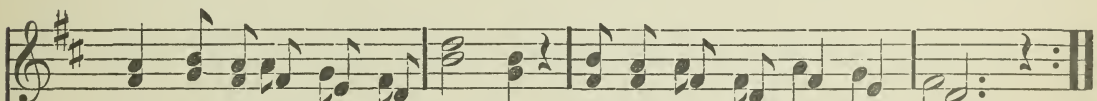
Dare old mas-sa am a sleep - ing, Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground.  
Now de summer days am com - ing, Mas - sa nebbber calls no moie.  
try to drive a - way my sor - row, Pick - in' on de old ban - jo.



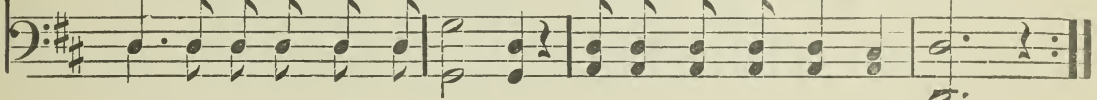
CHORUS.



Down in de corn - field, Hear dat mourn-ful sound!



All de darkeys am a weep-ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.



## WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

Words and Music by LOUIS LAMBERT.

*With spirit.*

Piano introduction in G major, 6/8 time. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *fp* (fortissimo piano).

Continuation of the piano accompaniment. The right hand melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The left hand accompaniment includes chords and single notes. Dynamics include *f* (fortissimo).

SOLO.

CHORUS.

Vocal melody in G major, 6/8 time. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The first measure is marked 'SOLO.' and the subsequent measures are marked 'CHORUS.'

1. When Johnny comes march-ing home a - gain, Hur - rah, . . . . . hur-
2. The old church bell will peal with joy, Hur - rah, . . . . . hur-
3. Get rea - dy for the Ju - bi - lee, Hur - rah, . . . . . hur-
4. Let love and friend - ship on that day, Hur - rah, . . . . . hur-

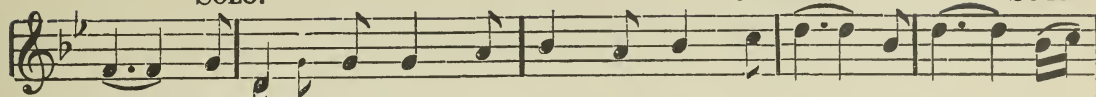
Continuation of the piano accompaniment. The right hand melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The left hand accompaniment includes chords and single notes. Dynamics include *f* (fortissimo).



## SOLO.

## CHORUS.

## SOLO.



- rah! We'll give him a heart - y wel - come then, Hur rah, aur - rah! The  
 - rah! To wel - come home our dar - ling boy, Hur - rah, hur - rah! The  
 - rah! We'll give the he - ro three times three, Hur - rah, hur - rah! The  
 - rah! Their choic - est treas - ures then dis - play, Hur - rah, hur - rah! And



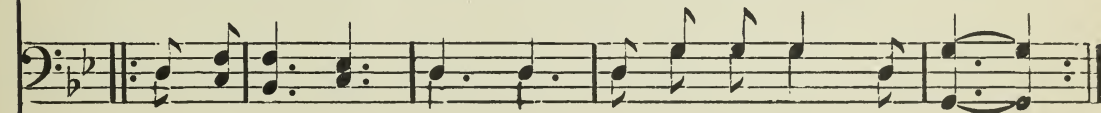
men will cheer, the boys will shout, the la - dies, they will all turn out,  
 vil - lage lads and las - sies say, With ro - ses they will strew the way,  
 lau - rel wreath is rea - dy now To place up - on his loy - al brow,  
 let each one per - form some part, To fill with joy the war - rior's heart,



## CHORUS



And we'll all fee! gay when John - ny comes march - ing home.



## COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN,

## OR THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

Words and Music by DAVID T. SHAW.

*Maestoso.*

1. O Co-lum-bia! the gem of the o-cean,      The home of the brave and the free,      The  
 2. When war winged it wide des-o-lation,      And threatened the land to de-form,      The  
 3. The wine-cup, the wine-cup bring hither,      And fill you it true to the brim,      May



shrine of each pa-triot's de-votion,      A world of-fers homage to thee.      Thy  
 ark then of freedom's foundation,      Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm;      With  
 the wreaths they have won never wither,      Nor the star of their glory grow dim!      May



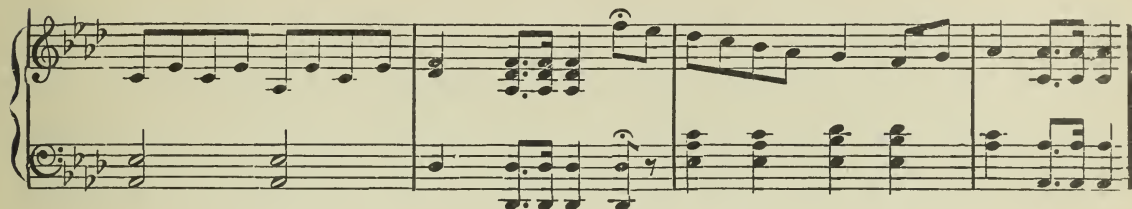
man-dates make he-roes assemble,      When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view,      Thy  
 her garlands of vict'ry around her,      When so proudly she bore her brave crew,      With  
 the ser-vice u-nited ne'er sever,      But they to their col-ors prove true!      The





banners make ty - ran - ny tremble,  
her flag proud - ly float - ing before her,  
Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er,

When borne by the red, white and blue.  
The boast of the red, white and blue.  
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,



## CHORUS.



When borne by the red, white and blue,

When borne by the red, white and blue,

Thy



banners make ty - ra - ny tremble,

When borne by the red, white and blue.





# MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Words and Music by HENRY C WORK

## INTRODUCTION.



1. Bring the good old bugle, boys! we'll sing an-oth-er song— Sing it with a spir-it that will
2. How the darkies shouted when they heard the joy-ful sound! How the turkeys gobbled which our
3. Yes, and there were Un-ion men who wept with joy-ful tears, When they saw the hon-or'd flag they
4. "Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will nev-er reach the coast!" So the sau-cy reb-els said, and
5. So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train, Six - ty miles in la - titude—three



start the world a-long— Sing it as we used to sing it, fif - ty thous-and strong,  
com - mis - sa - ry found! How the sweet po - ta - toes e - ven start-ed from the ground,  
had not seen for years; Hard - ly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,  
'twas a hand-some boast, Had they not for-got a - las! to reck-on with the host,  
hun-dred to the main; Trea-son fled be-fore us, for re - sis-tance was in vain,



SOPRANO & ALTO.

While we were march-ing through Geor - gia. Hur - rah! hur - rah! We

TENOR & BASS.

bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur - rah! hur - rah! the flag that makes you free!

So we sang the cho-rus from At - lan - ta to the sea, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.

## POOR OLD SLAVE.

Arranged by E. M. F.

By E. W. FOSTER.

*Legato.*

1. 'Tis just one year a - go to - day, That I re - mem - ber well, I  
 2. She took my arm, we walk'd a - long In - to an o - pen field, And  
 3. But since that time how things have chang'd! Poor Nelly that was my bride, Is

sat down by poor Nel - ly's side And a sto - ry she did tell.  
 there she' paused to breathe a - while, Then to his grave did steal.  
 laid be - neath the cold grave sod, With her fa - ther by her side.

'Twas 'bout a poor un - hap - py slave, That lived for ma - ny - a year; But  
 She sat down by that lit - tle mound, And soft - ly whispered there, Come  
 I plant - ed there up - on her grave, The weep - ing wil - low tree;



now he's dead, and in his grave, No mas - ter does he fear.  
 to me, fa - ther, 'tis thy child, Then gent - ly dropp'd a tear.  
 bathed its roots with ma - ny a tear, That it might shel - ter me.

This musical system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a single treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. It features a melody with some notes beamed together and a final note with a fermata. The piano accompaniment is written in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. It provides a harmonic support for the vocal line with chords and moving lines in both hands.

## CHORUS.

*Legato.*

The poor old slave has gone to rest, We know that he is free;

This musical system contains the first part of the chorus. The vocal line is in 6/8 time, indicated by the '6' over the '8' in the time signature. The melody is characterized by eighth notes and rests, with a fermata at the end of the phrase. The piano accompaniment is in 6/8 time and features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

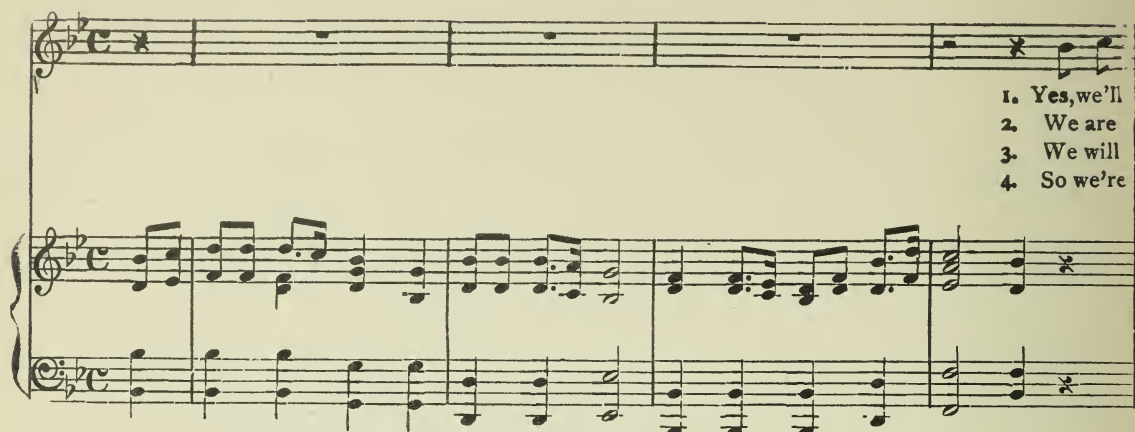
Dis - turb him not but let him rest, Way down in Ten - ne - see.

This musical system contains the second part of the chorus. The vocal line continues the 6/8 time signature and melody, ending with a fermata. The piano accompaniment continues with its eighth-note accompaniment, also concluding with a fermata in the right hand.

# THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM.

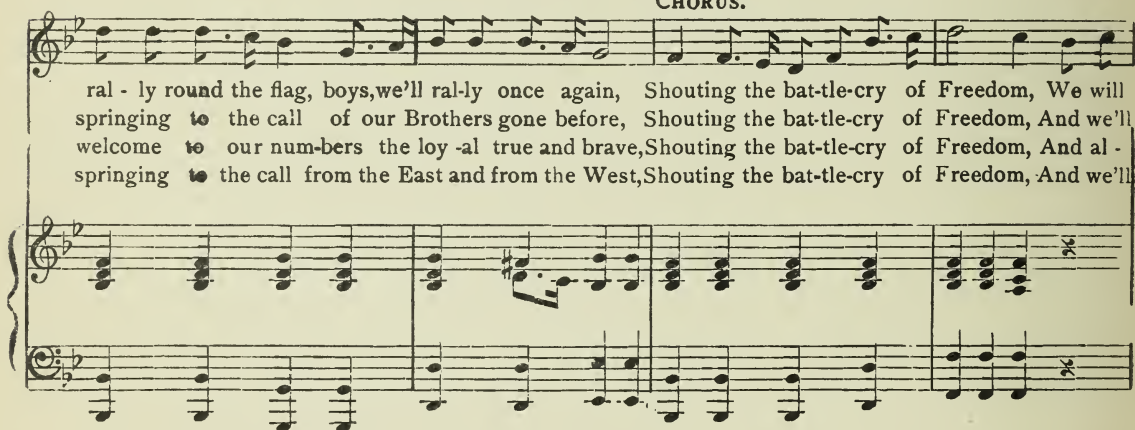
## RALLYING SONG.

Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT



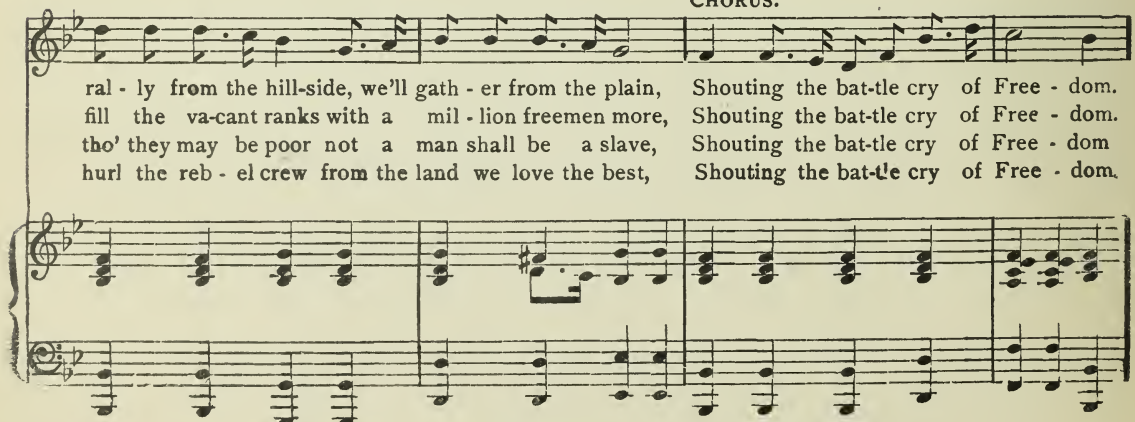
1. Yes, we'll  
2. We are  
3. We will  
4. So we're

### CHORUS.



ral - ly round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once again, Shouting the bat - tle - cry of Freedom, We will  
springing to the call of our Brothers gone before, Shouting the bat - tle - cry of Freedom, And we'll  
welcome to our num - bers the loy - al true and brave, Shouting the bat - tle - cry of Freedom, And al -  
springing to the call from the East and from the West, Shouting the bat - tle - cry of Freedom, And we'll

### CHORUS.



ral - ly from the hill - side, we'll gath - er from the plain, Shouting the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.  
fill the va - cant ranks with a mil - lion freemen more, Shouting the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.  
tho' they may be poor not a man shall be a slave, Shouting the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.  
hurl the reb - el crew from the land we love the best, Shouting the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.

CHORUS.  
*Fortissimo.*

The Un - ion for-ev - er, Hur - rah boys, hurrah ! Down with the traitor, Up with the star, While we

The Un - ion for-ev - er, Hur - rah boys, hurrah ! Down with the traitor, Up with the star, While we

ral - ly round the flag, boys, ral - ly once again, Shouting the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.

ral - ly round the flag, boys, ral - ly once again, Shouting the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.

## THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

(BATTLE SONG.)

1 We are marching to the field, boys, we're going to the fight,  
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom,  
And we bear the glorious stars for the Union and the right,  
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

CHO — The Union forever, hurrah ! boys, hurrah !  
Down with the traitor, up the star,  
For we're marching to the field boys, going to the fight,  
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom !

2 We will meet the rebel host, boys, with fearless heart and true,  
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom,

And we'll show what Uncle Sam has for loyal men to do,  
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

3 If we fall amid the fray, boys, we'll face them to the last,  
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom,  
And our comrades brave shall hear us, as they go rushing past,  
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

4 Yes, for Liberty and Union we're springing to the fight,  
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom,  
And the vict'ry shall be ours, for we're rising in might,  
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

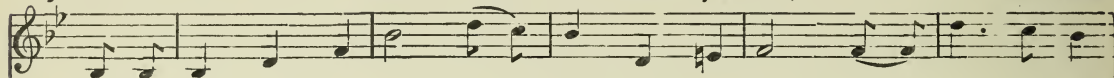


## THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

With an additional verse ( 5th ), by DR. O. W. HOLMES.

*Con spirito.*

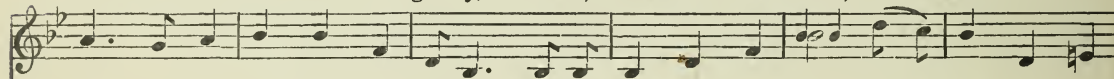
5. When our land is il - lum'd with lib - er - ty's smile, If a foe from with



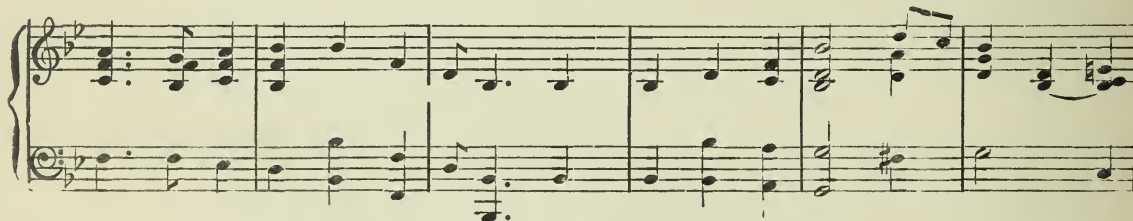
1. Oh! say can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we  
 2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mist of the deep, Where the foe's haughty  
 3. And where is that band, who so vaunt - ing - ly swore, 'Mid the hav - oc of  
 4. Oh! thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand, Be - tween their lov'd



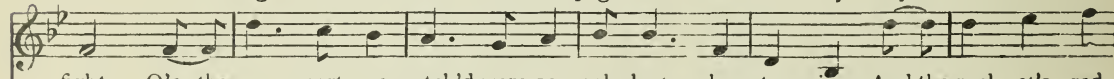
in strike a blow at her glo - ry, Down, down with the traitor, that dares to de -



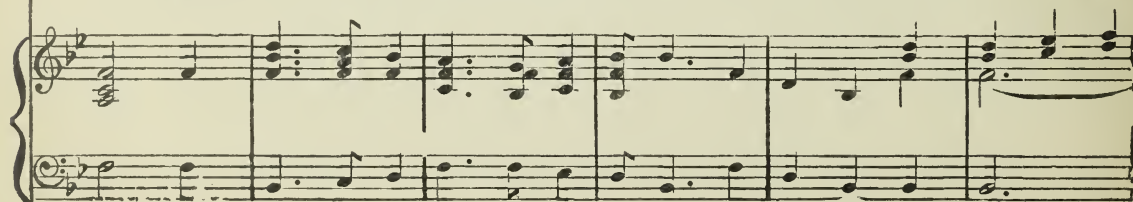
hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous  
 host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing  
 war and the bat - tle's con - fusion, A home and a coun - try they'd leave us no  
 home and the war's des - o - lation, Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued



- file The flag of her stars and the page of her sto - ry! By the mil - lions un-



fight, O'er the ram - parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly streaming; And the rock - et's red  
 steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the  
 more? Their blood has wash'd out their foul footstep's po - lu - tion; No re - fuge could  
 land, Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na - tion. Then con - quer we



chain'd who our birth - right have gain'd, We will keep her bright bla - zon for - ev - er un - stain'd !

glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag waa still there !  
gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines in the stream  
save the hire - ling and slave From the ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave,  
must, when our cause it is just, And this be our mot - to, "In God is our trust."

## CHORUS.

1. Oh ! say, does that star span - gled ban - ner yet  
2. 'Tis the star span - gled ban - ner, oh ! long may it

3. And the star span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall  
4,5. And the star span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall

1,2,3. wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave !

4,5. wave, While the land of the free, is the home of the brave !

## TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

## THE PRISONER'S HOPE.

Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT

*Tempo di Marcia.*

1. In the  
2. In the  
3. So with

prison cell I sit, Thinking mother, dear, of you, And our bright and happy home so far away, And the  
battle front we stood When their fiercest charge they made, And they swept us off a hundred men or more, But let  
- in the pris - on cell, We are waiting for the day That shall come to o - pen wide the iron door, And the

tears they fill my eyes Spite of all that I can do, Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay,  
- fore we reach'd their lines, They were beaten back dismay'd, And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er.  
hollow eye grows bright, And the poor heart almost gay, As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

*When the Chorus is sung, this may be omitted after the first verse.*

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing, Cheer up comrades they will come, And be



*When the chorus is not sung, end here.*

- neath the star-ry flag We will breathe the air a-gain Of the freeland in our own be-lov-ed home.

## CHORUS..

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing, Cheer up, comrades, they will come, And be -  
Cheer up, com - rades, they will come,  
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching on, O, cheer up, com - rades, they will come, And be -

- neath the star-ry flag We shall breathe the air a-gain Of the freeland in our own be-lov-ed home.

- neath the star-ry flag We shall breathe the air a-gain Of the freeland in our own be-lov-ed home.

## THE ARTILLERIST'S OATH.

*Alla Marcia.*

C. F. ADAMS.

*f* *p*

1. From out the wild flame of the furnace, Thou cam'st with labor fierce and earnest; As the  
 2. Thou art my bride, my stern faith swearing, True love to thee my heart is bearing; As the

*cres.*

glo - ry of a queen, O can - non, is thy sheen; On thee in oath I  
 song of night-in - gale, Borne on zeph - yrs o'er the vale, Thy voice can make my

*cres.*

*dim.* *f*

lay my hand, True hold I out, true hold I out, With thee to fight, With thee to  
 heart to bound. With thee my song, with thee my song. In ev-'ry hour, In ev-'ry  
 True hold I out, With thee to  
 With thee my song, In ev-'ry

*dim.* *f*

True hold I out, With thee to  
 With thee my song, In ev - 'ry

*ff*

fight, fight, For home, for freedom, Fa - ther-land, For  
 fight, fight, In ech - o loud - ly shall resound, In

*ff*

fight, For home, for freedom, Fa - ther-land,  
 fight, In ech - o loud - ly shall resound,

home, for free - dom, Fa - ther-land, For Fa - - - - - ther land.  
 ech - o loud - ly shall re-sound, In ech - - - - - o sound.

For home, for free - dom, Fa - ther-land.  
 In ech - o loud - ly shall resound.

3 Soon for the wedding feast adorning,  
 A veil of silver grey, like morning,  
 Shall, wreathed with laurels, shine  
 Upon thy brow sublime.  
 And thee, amid the echoing horn,  
 The bullet song, the bullet song,  
 The sabre clash, the sabre clash,  
 I'll wed thee in the battle's storm.

4 And when is come the hour of dying,  
 The fire of life's weak match is flying,  
 I'd crawl to thy rent side  
 And there, with heartfelt pride,  
 Shout, while the breech supports my hand—  
 True held I out, true held I out,  
 With thee to fight, with thee to fight,  
 For home, for freedom, Fatherland.

# "THE PICKET GUARD."

41

## SONG.

Music by H. COYLE.



1. All qui - et a - long the Po - to - mac, they
2. All qui - et a - long the Po - to - mac to -
3. There's on - ly the sound of the lone sentry's



say, Ex - cept now and then a stray Pick - et  
 - night, Where the sol - diers lie peace - ful - ly dreaming,  
 tread, As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,

Is  
 Their  
 And





## "THE PICKET GUARD."

shot on his beat as he walks to and fro, By a ri - fle - man  
tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon, Or the light of the  
thinks of the two in the low trun-dle bed, Far a - way in the

\*

hid in a thicket. watch-fires are gleaming. cot on the mountain. 'Tis nothing, a pri - vate or two now and  
A trem - u - lous sigh, as the gen - tle night - His musket falls slack, and his face dark and

then, Will not count in the news of the bat-tle: Not an  
- wind, Through the for - est leaves soft - ly is creeping; While  
grim, Grows gen - tle with mem - o - ries ten-der, As he

Of - fi - cer lost, on - ly one of the men Moaning out all a - stars up a - bove, with their glit - ter - ing eyes, Keep guard, for the mut - ters a prayer for the chil - dren a - sleep, For their mother, may

- lone the death - rat - tle. ....  
ar - my is sleep - ing ....  
heav - en de - fend her ....

*For last four lines go to \*.*

- 4 The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,  
That night when the love yet unspoken  
Leaped up to his lips—when low murmured vows  
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.  
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,  
He dashes off tears that are welling,  
And gathers his gun closer to its place,  
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.
- 5 He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,  
The footstep is lagging and weary ;  
Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light,  
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.  
Hark ! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves ?  
Was it moon-light so wondrously flashing ?  
It looked like a rifle—HA ! MARY, good-bye !  
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.
- 6 All quiet along the Potomac to-night,  
No sound save the rush of the river ;  
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,  
The picket's off duty forever !

# JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

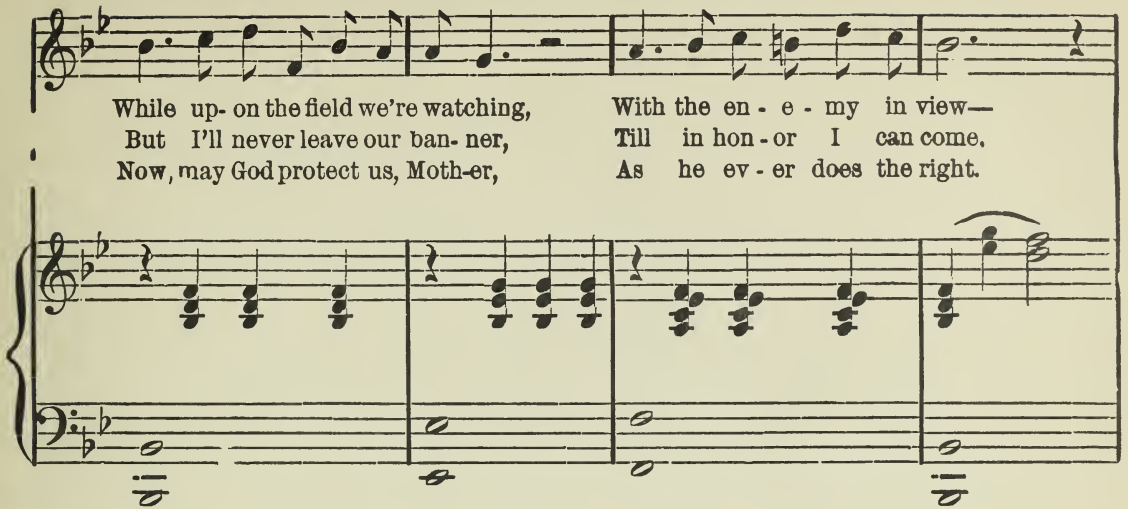
*Tenderly.*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 4/4 time, marked 'Tenderly.' The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment of chords in the left hand. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The score is divided into three systems. The first system contains the piano introduction. The second system contains the piano introduction and the first two lines of the vocal melody. The third system contains the vocal melody and the piano accompaniment for the first two lines of the lyrics. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Just be-fore the bat-tle, Moth-er,	I am thinking most of you,
2. Oh, I long to see you, Moth-er,	And the lov-ing ones at home,
3. Hark! I hear the bu-gles sounding,	'Tis the sig-nal for the fight,

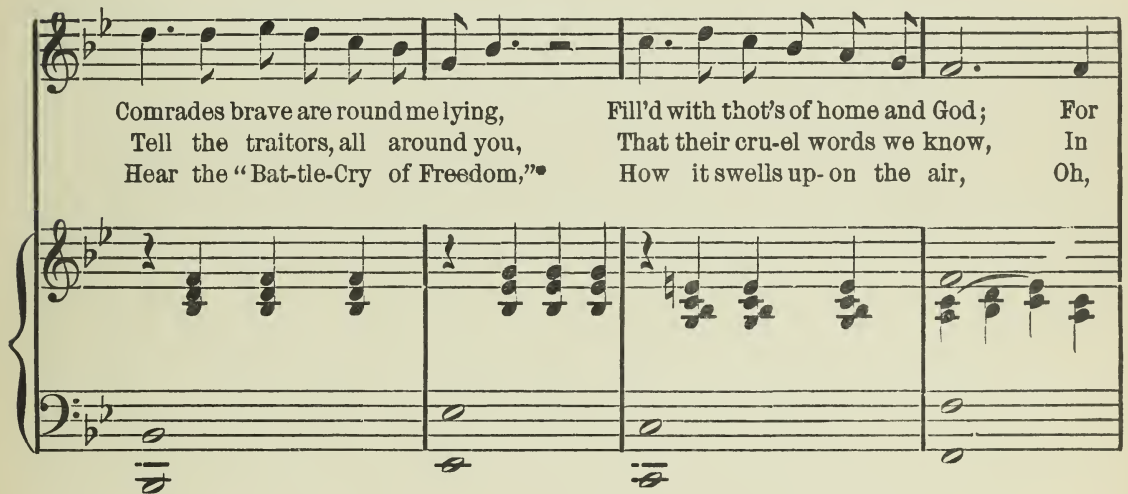
The piano accompaniment for the lyrics consists of chords in the left hand and a melody in the right hand. The score ends with a double bar line.





While up-on the field we're watching,  
But I'll never leave our ban-ner,  
Now, may God protect us, Moth-er,

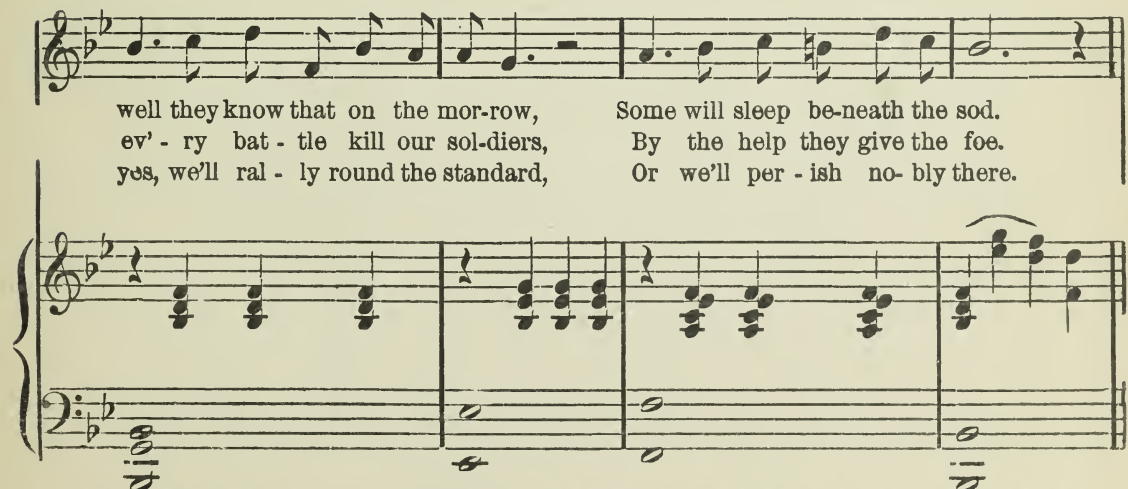
With the en - e - my in view—  
Till in hon - or I can come,  
As he ev - er does the right.



Comrades brave are round melying,  
Tell the traitors, all around you,  
Hear the "Bat-tle-Cry of Freedom,"\*

Fill'd with thot's of home and God;  
That their cru-el words we know,  
How it swells up-on the air,

For  
In  
Oh,



well they know that on the mor-row,  
ev' - ry bat - tle kill our sol-diers,  
yes, we'll ral - ly round the standard,

Some will sleep be-neath the sod.  
By the help they give the foe.  
Or we'll per - ish no - bly there.

\* In some of the divisions of our army the "Battle-Cry" is sung, when going into action, by order of commanding officers.

## CHORUS.

Fare - well, Moth-er, you may nev - er,

TENORS.

Fare - well, Moth-er, you may nev - er, you may nev - er, Moth-er,

BASSES.

The first system of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff is for Tenors, the middle for Basses, and the bottom for piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The time signature is not explicitly shown but appears to be 4/4. The lyrics are: "Fare - well, Moth-er, you may nev - er," for Tenors and "Fare - well, Moth-er, you may nev - er, you may nev - er, Moth-er," for Basses. The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines in both hands.

But Oh, you'll not for - get me,

press me to your heart a - gain,..... But, Oh, you'll not for - get me,

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal parts and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are: "But Oh, you'll not for - get me," for Tenors and "press me to your heart a - gain,..... But, Oh, you'll not for - get me," for Basses. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

Moth- er,

*Repeat, pp.*

Moth-er, you will not for-get me, If I'm num-ber'd with the slain.

The third system of the musical score. It continues the vocal parts and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Moth- er," for Tenors and "Moth-er, you will not for-get me, If I'm num-ber'd with the slain." for Basses. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. The system ends with a repeat sign and a double bar line.

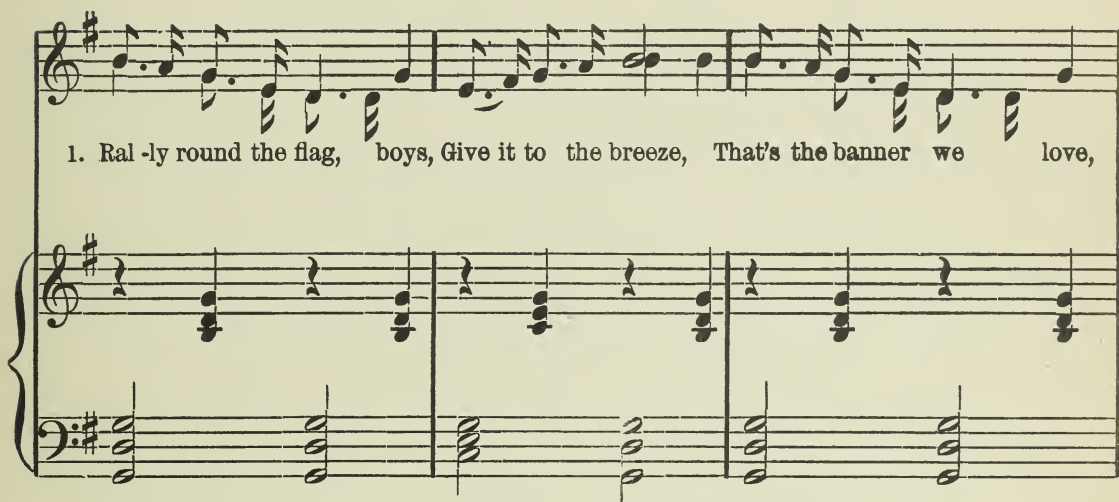
# RALLY ROUND THE FLAG.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

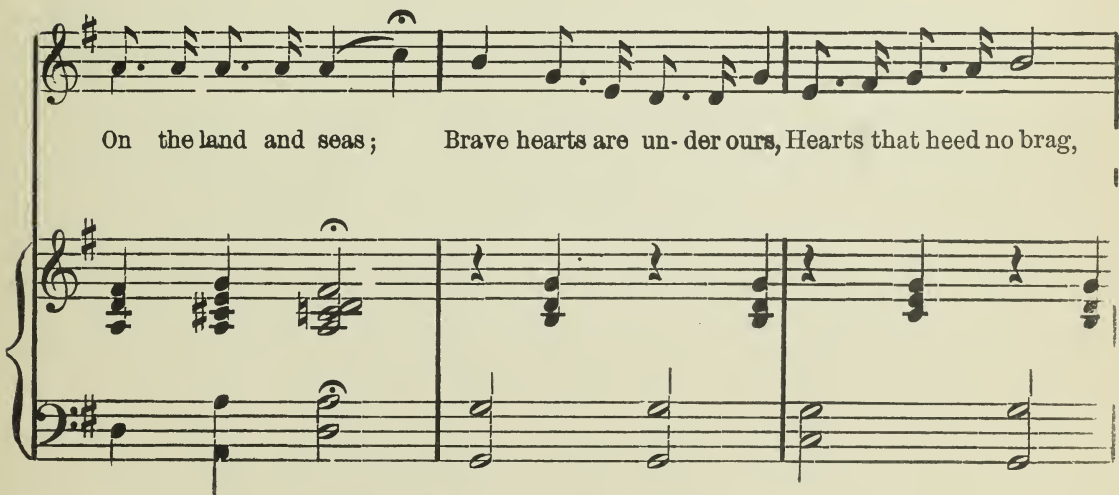
*Allegro con spirito.*



1. Ra-ly round the flag, boys, Give it to the breeze, That's the banner we love,



On the land and seas; Brave hearts are un-der ours, Hearts that heed no brag,



Copyright 1862, by OLIVER DITSON & CO.  
Copyright 1883, by OLIVER DITSON & CO.



Gallant lads, fire away! And fight for the flag! Gallant lads, fire away! And fight for the flag!

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth notes with some rests. The piano accompaniment includes chords and single notes, with dynamic markings of *f* and *ff* indicating fortissimo. The system concludes with a repeat sign.

Ral - ly round the flag, boys, Give it to the breeze, That's the banner we love,

The second system continues the song. The vocal melody is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower staff. The piano part features a prominent triplet of eighth notes in the right hand, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note bass line. The system ends with a repeat sign.

On the land and seas; Let our colors fly, boys, Guard them day and night, For

The third system is the final one on the page. It follows the same musical structure as the previous systems, with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with eighth-note patterns in both hands. The system concludes with a final note and a repeat sign.

Vic-to-ry is lib-er-ty, And God will bless the right! Then ral-ly round the flag, boys,

Ral - ly round, ral - ly round, Ral - ly round the flag, boys, Ral - ly round the flag!

CHORUS. *Melody in 2d Tenor.*

1ST. & 2D. TENOR.

*Repeat pp.*

Ral-ly round the flag, boys, Ral-ly round, ral-ly round, Ral-ly round the flag, boys, Ral-ly round the flag.

1ST. & 2D. BASS.

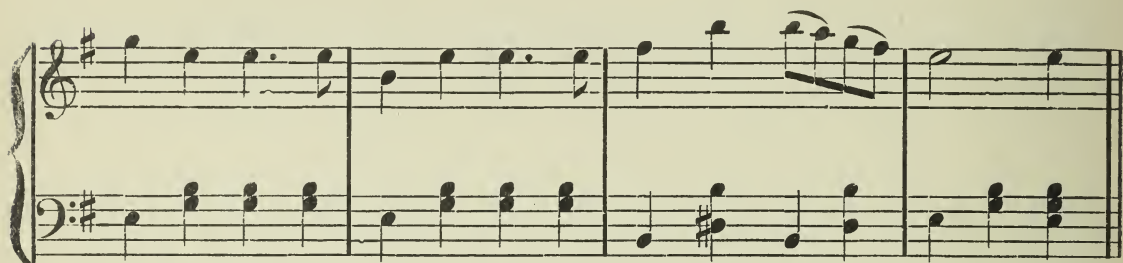
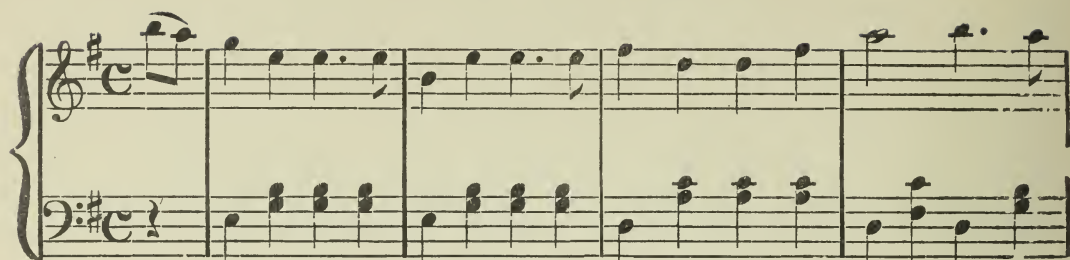
Ral-ly round the flag, boys, Ral-ly round, ral-ly round, Ral-ly round the flag, boys, Ral-ly round the flag.

*Repeat pp.*

## ABRAHAM'S DAUGHTER.

OR

RAW RECRUITS.



1. Oh! kind folks list - en to my song, It is no i - dle sto - - ry, It's  
 2. Oh! should you ask me who she am, Co - lum - bia is her name, sir, She  
 3. They say we have no of - fi - cers, But ah! they are mis - tak - en; And

all a - bout a vol - un - teer, Who's goin' to fight for glo - ry; Now  
 is the child of A - bra - ham, Or Un - cle Sam, the same, sir. Now  
 soon you'll see the reb - els run, With all the fuss they're mak - in'; For



## CHORUS.

don't you think that I am right? For I am nothing short - er. And  
 If I fight, why aint I right? And don't you think I ought - er. The  
 there is one who just sprung up, He'll show the foe no quar - ter, (Mc -

I be - long to the Fire Zou, Zous, And don't you think I ought - er, We're  
 vol - un - teers are a pour - ing in From ev' - ry loy - al quar - ter, And  
 - Clell - an is the man I mean,) You know he had - n't ought - er, For

go - in' down to Wash - ing - ton To fight for A - bra - ham's daugh - ter.  
 I'm goin' long to Wash - ing - ton To fight for A - bra - ham's daugh - ter.  
 he's gone down to Wash - ing - ton To fight for A - bra - ham's daugh - ter.

4 We'll have a spree with Johnny Bull,  
 Perhaps, some day or other,  
 And won't he have his fingers full,  
 If not a deal of bother;  
 For Yankee boys are just the lads  
 Upon the land or water;  
 And won't we have a "bully" fight,  
 And don't you think we oughter,  
 If he is caught at any time,  
 Insulting Abraham's daughter,

5 But let us lay all jokes aside,  
 It is a sorry question;  
 The man who would these States divide,  
 Should hang for his suggestion.  
 One Country and one Flag, I say,  
 Whoe'er the war may slaughter;  
 So I'm goin' as a Fire Zou-a,  
 And don't you think I oughter,  
 I'm going down to Washington  
 To fight for Abraham's daughter.

OUR FLAG IS THERE.

This song was written by an Officer of the American Navy during the war of 1812. It being very popular, although long out of print, has been republished in compliance with the request of many Officers in the U. S. Navy.

*Maestoso.*

*Sva*

1. Our flag is there! Our flag is there! We'll hail it with three loud huzzas! Our  
 2. That flag withstood the bat-tle's roar, With foemen stout, with foemen brave, Strong

flag is there! Our flag is there! Be - hold the glorious stripes and stars! Stout hands have sought that flag to low'r, And found a speedy wat - 'ry grave! That

The first system of the musical score for 'OUR FLAG IS THERE.' It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

hearts have fought for that bright flag, Strong hands sustained it mast head high, And flag is known on ev' - ry shore, The stan - dard of a gal - lant band, A -

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

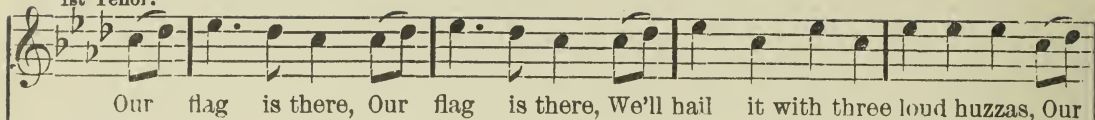
Oh! to see how proud it waves, Bring tears of joy in ev' - ry eye. like unstain'd in peace or war, It floats o'er freedom's hap - py land.

The third system of the musical score, concluding the piece. It features the final vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.



## CHORUS.

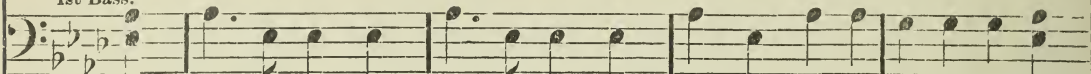
1st Tenor.



2d Tenor.

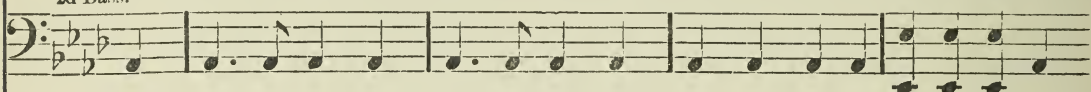
*melody*

1st Bass.

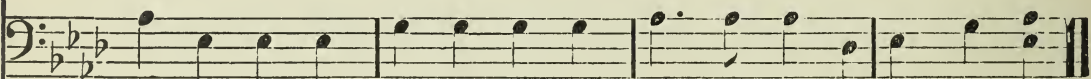
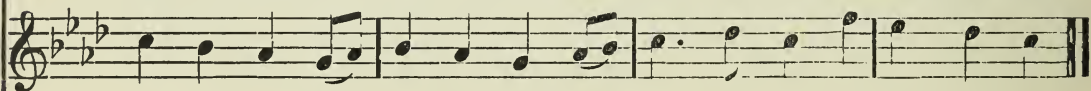


Our flag is there, Our flag is there, We'll hail it with three loud huzzas, Our

2d Bass.

*melody.*

flag is there, our flag is there, Be - hold the glorious stripes and stars.



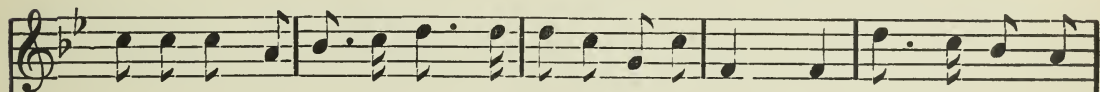
flag is there, our flag is there, Be - hold the glorious stripes and stars.



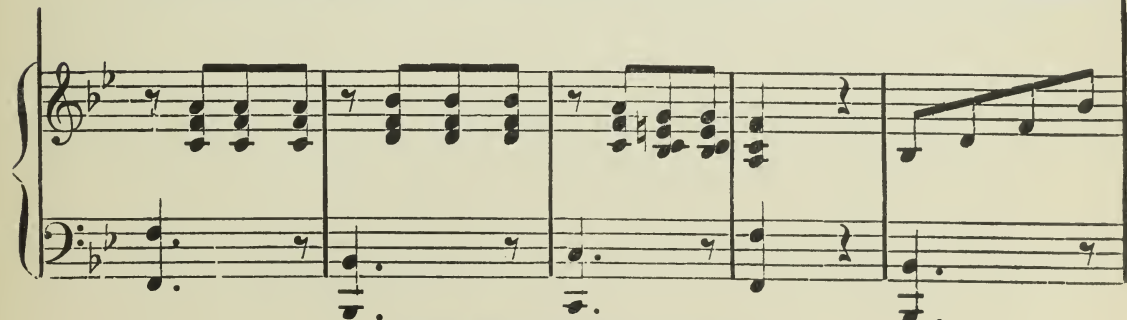
Music by L. O. EMERSON.



1. We are coming, Fa - ther Abra'am, three hun-dred thousand more, From  
 2. If you look a - cross the hill tops that meet the north-ern sky, Long  
 3. If you look all up our val-leys, Where the grow-ing harvests shine, You may  
 4. You have called us and we're coming, by Richmond's blood-y tide, To



Mis-sis-sip-pi's winding stream and from New England's shore; We leave our plows and  
 moving lines of ris - ing dust your vis-ion may des-cry; And now the wind, and  
 see our sturd-y far - mer boys fast forming in - to line; And chil - dren from their  
 lay us down for freedom's sake, our brothers bones beside; Or from foul trea-son's



workshops our wives and children dear, With hearts to full for ut - ter-ance, with  
in - stant, tears the clou - dy veil a - side, And floats a - loft our spangled flag in  
mother's knees are pull - ing at the weeds, And learn - ing how to reap and sow, a  
savage group, to wrench the murderous blade, And in the face of for - eign foes its

but a si - lent tear; We dare not look be - hind us, but stead - fast - ly be -  
glo - ry and in pride; And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music  
gainst their country's needs; And a farewell group stands weep - ing at eve - ry cot - tage  
fragments to pa - rade; Six hundred thousand loy - al men and true have gone be -

- fore.  
pour, We are coming, Fa - ther Abra'am, three hun - dred thousand more.  
door,  
- fore,



## CHORUS. TENORS.

We are com-ing, we are coming, Our Un-ion to re store, We are

## BASSES.

We are

com-ing, Fa-ther Abra'am, with three hun-dred thous-and more, We are

com-ing, Fa-ther Abra'am, with three hun-dred thous-and more, We are

*cres.* com-ing, Fa-ther Abra'am, with three hun-dred thous-and more. *ff*

*cres.* com-ing, Fa-ther Abra'am, with three hun-dred thous-and more. *ff*

# WEeping, SAD AND LONELY.

OR

## WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER.

Words by CHAS. C. SAWYER.

Music by HENRY TUCKER.

*Moderato e cantabile.*

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a C-clef and a common time signature (C). It contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together, and rests. The bass staff begins with a C-clef and a common time signature (C). It contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together, and rests. The music is in a moderate, cantabile tempo.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The treble staff continues the melody from the first system, with some notes marked with a fermata. The bass staff continues the accompaniment, with some notes marked with a fermata. The music is in a moderate, cantabile tempo.

- |  |                          |                             |
|--|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Dear-est love, do you re - mem - ber,   | When we last did meet,   | How you told me that you    |
| 2. When the summer breeze is sigh - ing    | Mournful - ly a - long ; | Or when autumn leaves are   |
| 3. If a - mid the din of bat - tle,        | No-bly you should fall,  | Far away from those who     |
| 4. But our country called you, darl - ing, | Angels cheer your way ;  | While our nation's sons are |

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The treble staff contains a series of chords, some marked with a fermata. The bass staff contains a series of notes, some marked with a fermata. The music is in a moderate, cantabile tempo.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The treble staff continues the melody from the third system, with some notes marked with a fermata. The bass staff continues the accompaniment, with some notes marked with a fermata. The music is in a moderate, cantabile tempo.

- |                                      |   |                 |
|--------------------------------------|---|-----------------|
| loved me, Kneeling at my feet I      | Oh ! how proud you stood be-fore me                       | In your suit of |
| fall - ing, Sadly breathes the song. | Oft in dreams I see thee ly - ing                         | On the battle   |
| love you, None so hear you call,     | Who would whisper words of comfort, Who would soothe your |                 |
| fight-ing, We can on - ly pray.      | No - bly strike for God and lib-er-ty,                    | Let all nations |

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The treble staff contains a series of chords, some marked with a fermata. The bass staff contains a series of notes, some marked with a fermata. The music is in a moderate, cantabile tempo.



blue,..... When you vow'd to me and coun - try Ev - er to be true.  
 plain,.... Lone - ly, wounded, even dy - ing, Calling, but in vain.  
 pain! .... Ah the many cruel fan - cies Ev - er in my brain.  
 see..... How we love the starry han - ner, Emblem of the free.

CHORUS. TENORS.



Weeping, sad and lone - ly, Hopes and fears how vain! Yet praying,  
 BASSES.



When this cru - el war is o - - ver, *rall* Pray - ing that we meet a - gain!



# WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW?

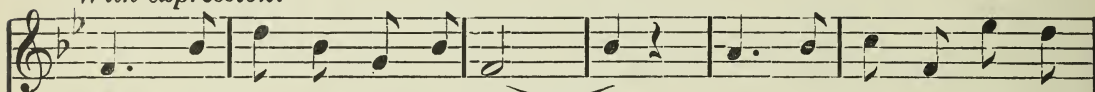
Arr. by C. F. THOMPSON.

Words and Music by CHAS. C. SAWYER

During one of our late battles, among many other noble fellows that fell, was a young man who had been the only support of an aged and sick mother for years. Hearing the surgeon tell those who were near him that he *could not live*, he placed his hand across his forehead, and with a trembling voice said, while burning tears ran down his fevered cheeks, "*Who will care for mother now?*"



*With expression.*



- |        |      |            |     |      |     |     |      |     |      |           |       |            |           |
|--------|------|------------|-----|------|-----|-----|------|-----|------|-----------|-------|------------|-----------|
| 1. Why | am   | I          | so  | weak | and | wea | -    | ry? | See  | how       | faint | my         | heat - ed |
| 2. Who | will | com - fort | her | in   | sor | -   | row? | Who | will | dry       | the   | fall - ing |           |
| 3. Let | this | knapsack   | be  | my   | pil | -   | low, | And | my   | man - tle | be    | the        |           |



breath,	All	a -	round	to	me	seems	dark	-	ness,
tear?	Gen -	tly	smooth	her	wrinkled	fore	-	head?	
sky;	Has -	ten,	comrades,	to	the	bat	-	tle,	



Tell me, comrades, is this death? Ah! how well I know your an -  
 Who will whisper words of cheer? E - ven now I think I see  
 I will like a soldier die. Soon with angels I'll be march -

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

- swer; To my fate I meek-ly bow,... If you'll  
 her Kneel - ing, pray - ing for me! how.... Can I  
 - ing, With bright lau - rels on my brow,... I have

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are aligned with the vocal notes. The piano part maintains the same harmonic structure.

on - ly tell me tru - ly, Who will care for mother now?  
 leave her in her an - guish? Who will care for mother now?  
 for my country fall - en, Who will care for mother now?

The third system concludes the piece. The vocal melody ends with a final note, and the piano accompaniment provides a concluding chord. The lyrics are repeated for emphasis.

CHORUS. *With spirit.*

1ST. &amp; 2D. TENOR.

Soon with angels I'll be march - ing, With bright lau - rels on my

1ST. & 2D. BASS.

This system contains the first line of the chorus. It features a Tenor part (treble clef) and a Bass part (bass clef) for the 1st and 2nd Tenors. The piano accompaniment is shown in grand staff notation (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "Soon with angels I'll be march - ing, With bright lau - rels on my".

brow, ..... I have for my country fall -

This system contains the second line of the chorus. The lyrics are: "brow, ..... I have for my country fall -". The musical notation continues for the Tenors and Piano accompaniment.

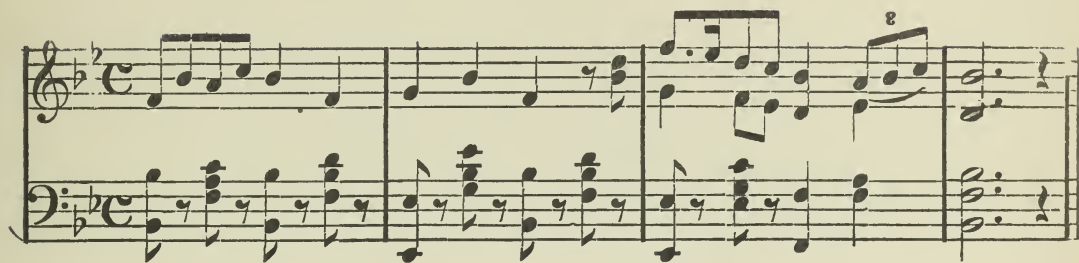
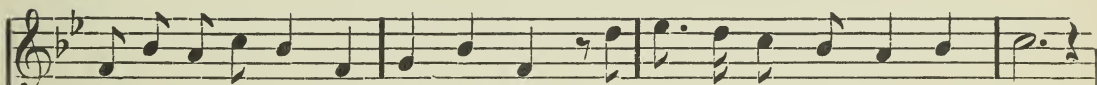
en, Who will care for mother now? .....

This system contains the third line of the chorus. The lyrics are: "en, Who will care for mother now? .....". The musical notation continues for the Tenors and Piano accompaniment, ending with a double bar line.

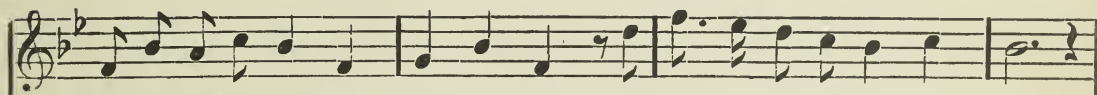


## SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by J. HENRY DWYER

*Folly.*

1. Let us all be mer-ry boys, to-night, For we are here, you know, for fun ;  
 2. Lis-ten to the speakers here to-night, Re-mem-ber, we are here for fun ;  
 3. Cof-fee, cheese and hard-tack, that's the stuff ! It gives a zest you know to fun ;



Keep the glowing camp-fire burn-ing bright, For we are here to-night for fun ;  
 Cut your speeches short, and make them light, And don't for-get we're here for fun ;  
 Af-ter all our guests have had e-nough, Then, boys, look out for num-ber one ;



*f* UNISON.

Now fill up a pipe and smoke it, Spin a fun-ny yarn and joke it,

Fill an - oth - er pipe and smoke it, Sing a mer-ry song and joke it,

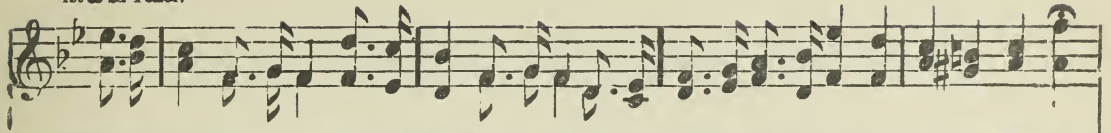
Fill a part-ing pipe and smoke it, Sing a part-ing song and joke it,

## SOLO OR SEMI-CHORUS.

Let us have a jol - ly, mer-ry time to-night, For we are here, you know, for fun.  
 We will have a jol - ly, mer-ry time to-night, For we are here, you know, for fun.  
 Then we'll bank the fire up, boys, and say "good-night," When we have had our fill of fun.

## CHORUS.

1st &amp; 2d Tenor.



Shout and sing, merry boys, Make a noise, jol-ly boys, We are hap-py, merry boys, And full of fun: So

1st and 2d Bass.



is &amp; 2d. Keep the glow-ing camp-fire burn-ing bright, For we are here, to-night for fun.

Last time. Then we'll bank the fire and say "good-night," When we have had our fill of fun.

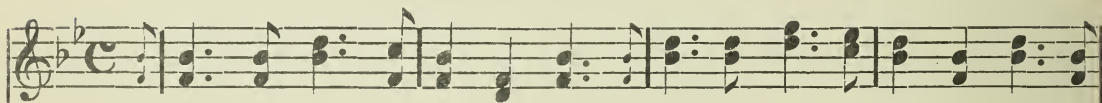
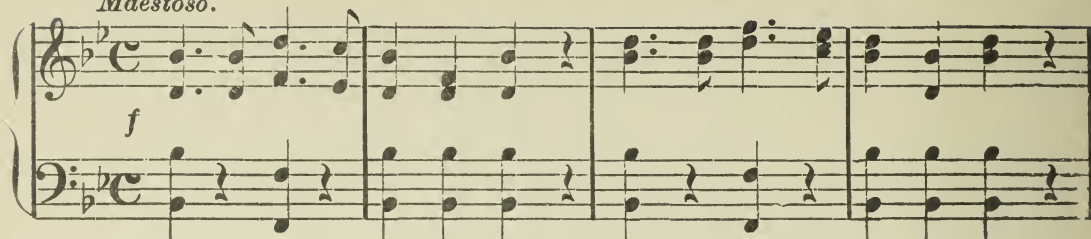




## HAIL, COLUMBIA.

Written by Judge HOPKINSON, and adapted by him to the music of the "President's March."

*Maestoso.*



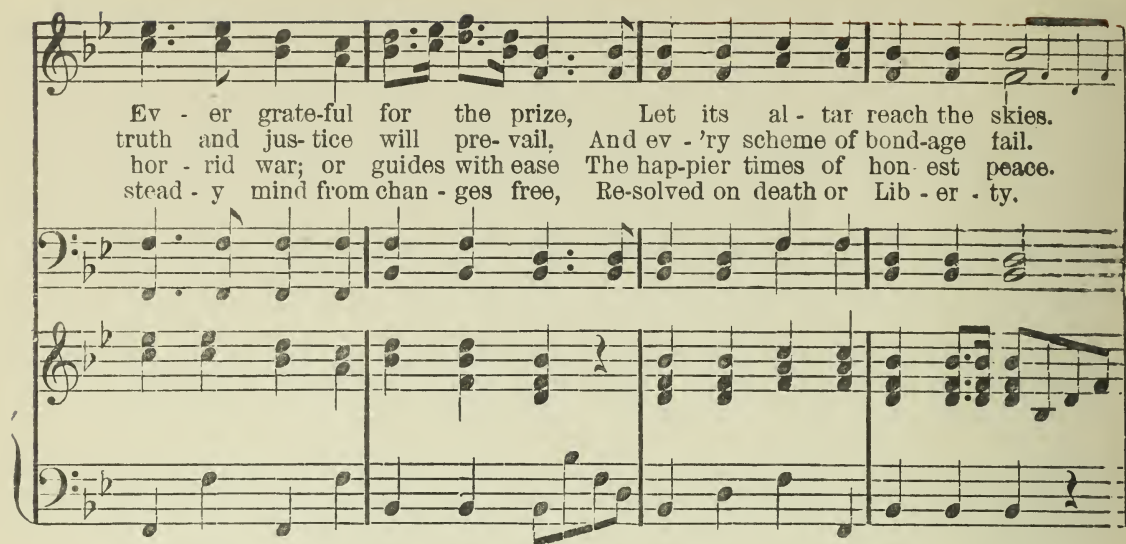
1. Hail, Co-lum - bia, hap - py land ! Hail, ye heroes! heaven born band! Who
2. Im-mor - tal pa- triots! rise once more De-fend your rights; de-fend your shore: Let
3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let Washington's great name Ring
4. Be-hold the Chief who now commands, Once more to serve his coun- try stands. The



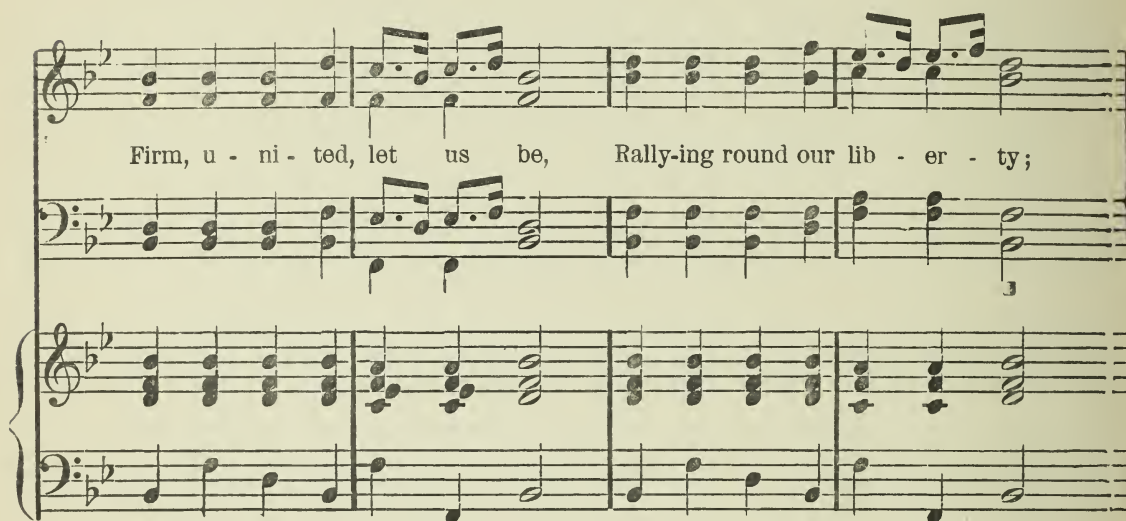
fought and bled in Free-dom's cause, Who fought and bled in Free-dom's cause And  
no rude foe, with im-pious hand, Let no rude foe, with im-pious hand, In  
thro' the world with loud ap-ause, Ring thro' the world with loud ap-ause, Let  
rock on which the storm will beat; The rock on which the storm will beat; But

when the storm of war was gone, En-joyed the peace your val-or won.  
-vade the shrine where sa-cred lies, Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.  
ev-'ry clime to free-dom dear, Lis-ten with a joy-ful ear.  
arm'd in vir-tue, firm and true, His hopes are fixed on heav'n and you.

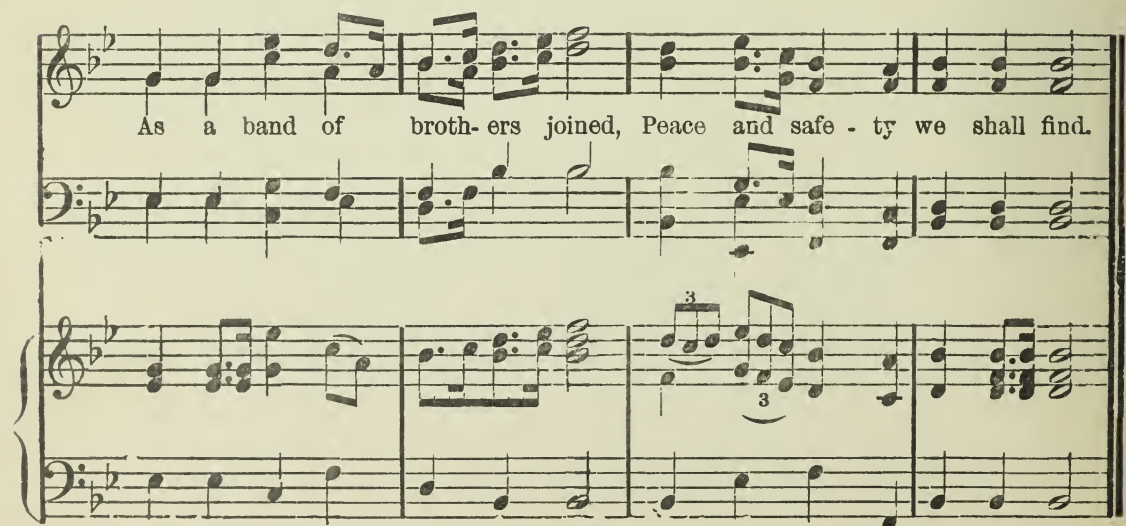
Let in-de-pendence be our boast, Ev-er mind-ful what it cost;  
While offer-ing peace, sin-cere and just, in heav'n we place a man-ly trust, That  
With e-qual skill, with god-like power, He gov-erns in the fear-ful hour Of  
When hope was sink-ing in dis-may, When gloom obscured Co-lum-bia's day, His



Ev - er grate-ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.  
truth and jus - tice will pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond-age fail.  
hor - rid war; or guides with ease The hap-pier times of hon - est peace.  
stead - y mind from chan - ges free, Re-solved on death or Lib - er - ty.



Firm, u - ni - ted, let us be, Rally-ing round our lib - er - ty;



As a band of broth - ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.



# THE VACANT CHAIR.

69

Words by HENRY S. WASHBURN.

Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

Arr. by FRANK J. SMITH

As especially arranged for, and sung by the Lotus Glee Club, with great success, at the Concert of War Songs in Boston, in May, 1883.

*With expression.*

1. We shall meet but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant chair ; We shall lin - ger to ca-

AIR 1st BASS.

-ress him, While we breathe our eve-ning pray'r, When a year a - go we gathered, Joy was

AIR 2d TENOR.

in his mild blue eye, Bnt a gol - den chord is sev - ered, And our hopes in ru - in

*ppp* CHORUS.

lie..... We shall meet but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant

*dim.* AIR 1st BASS.

When we breathe

chair, We shall lin - ger to ca-ress him, When we breathe..... our eve-ning pray'r.

*ppp*

2 At our fireside, sad and lonely,  
Often will the bosom swell  
At remembrance of the story  
How our noble Willie fell ;  
How he strove to bear our banner  
Through the thickest of the fight,  
And uphold our country's honor,  
In the strength of manhood's might

3 True, they tell us wreaths of glory  
Ever more will deck his brow,  
But this soothes the anguish only  
Sweeping o'er our heartstrings now.  
Sleep to-day, O early fallen,  
In thy green and narrow bed,  
Dirges from the pine and cypress  
Mingle with the tears we shed.

## AMERICA; or, MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

S. F. SMITH

*Maestoso.*

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It begins with a forte (f) dynamic and features a melody in the right hand supported by chords in the left hand. The piece concludes with a decrescendo (dim.) and a final chord.

1ST &amp; 2d TENOR.

The vocal line for the 1st and 2nd Tenors is written on a single staff. It follows the melody of the piano introduction, with lyrics written below the notes.

- 1, My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of Lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my  
 2. My na - tive country, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name, I love; I love thy  
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Yet mor - tal  
 4. Our fathers' God, to thee, Au - thor of Lib - er - ty, To thee we sing; Long may our

1st &amp; 2d BASS.

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal section is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It begins with a piano (p) dynamic and features a melody in the right hand supported by chords in the left hand. The piece concludes with a decrescendo (dim.) and a final chord.

fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry moun - tain side Let freedom ring.  
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.  
 tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro-long.  
 land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal section is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It begins with a piano (p) dynamic and features a melody in the right hand supported by chords in the left hand. The piece concludes with a final chord.



# AMERICAN HYMN.

71

QUARTET FOR MALE VOICES.

M. KELLER.

*Maestoso.*

1. Speed our Re-pub-lic, O Fa-ther on high! Lead us in path-ways of jus-tice and right;  
 2. Foremost in bat-tle for Freedom to stand, We rush to arms when a-roused by its call;  
 3. Faithful and hon-est to friend and to foe, Will-ing to die in hu-man-i-ty's cause,  
 4. Rise up, proud eagle, rise up to the clouds! Spread thy broad wings o'er this fair western world!

*mf* *cres.* *f*

Ru-lers, as well as the ruled, 'one and all, Girt thou with vir-tue the ar-mor of might!  
 Still as of yore, when GEORGE WASHINGTON led, Thunders our war cry, we con-quer or fall!  
 Thus we de-fy all ty-ran-ni-cal pow'r, While we con-tend for our Un-ion and laws!  
 Fling from thy beak our dear ban-ner of old— Show that it still is for Free-dom unfurled!

*ff* *p* *cres.* *f*

Hail, three times hail to our coun-try and flag! Ru-lers as well as the ruled, 'one and all,  
 Hail, three times hail to our coun-try and flag! Still as of yore when GEORGE WASHINGTON led,  
 Hail, three times hail to our coun-try and flag! Thus we de-fy all ty-ran-ni-cal pow'r,  
 Hail, three times hail to our coun-try and flag! Fling from thy beak our dear ban-ner of old—

*ff*

Girt Thou with virtue the ar-mor of might Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!  
 Thunders our war cry: We con-quer or fall! Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!  
 While we contend for our Union and laws. Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!  
 Show that it still is for Freedom unfurled. Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!

## OUR BRAVES.

Words by COL. CHAS. H. CLARKE.

M. KELLER.

- 1 Blest be the ground where our Braves are at rest,  
 Honored each shrine where our martyrs repose,  
 On through the ages to come shall be bless'd,  
 Those who defended our land from its foes;  
 Guarded our land in its war-stricken throes.  
 Comrades, advance in the East and the West!  
 Scatter fresh garlands where martyrs repose;  
 Plant the old Flag where our Braves are at rest!
- 2 Blest be this day, bringing mem'ries so bright,  
 Throughout the length and the breadth of our  
 land, [right,  
 Stout were these hearts who fought stern for the  
 Brave were the deeds of this strong patriot band,

- Valiant the heroes of our army grand!  
 Comrades, advance and make sacred this rite,  
 Twine your fresh laurel wreaths over the land;  
 Hallow this day charged with mem'ries so bright.
- 3 Blest thou our nation, thou God of the free,  
 Vouchsafe that liberty our Fathers gave;  
 Guard Thou our country from sea unto sea—  
 Soil which our heroes long struggled to save.  
 Land of our sires, and redeemed by the Brave.  
 Comrades, this trust keep for millions to be,  
 Ages to come will remember each grave:  
 Cost of our nation so dear, yet so free!

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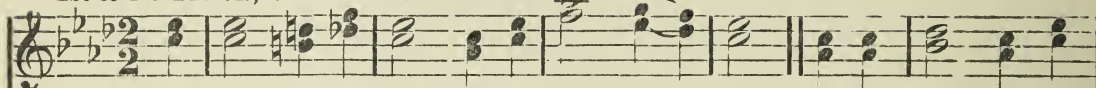
# MEMORIAL HYMN.

FOR MALE OR MIXED VOICES.

Words by Rev. Dr. POLLARD.

Music by A. B. WINCH.

1st & 2d TENOR, or SOPRANO & TENOR.



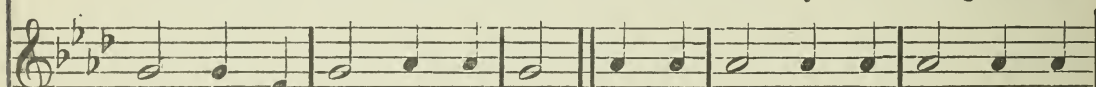
1. Oh, cov - er with flow - ers the val - iant dead; Let them bloom on their  
1st Bass or ALTO.



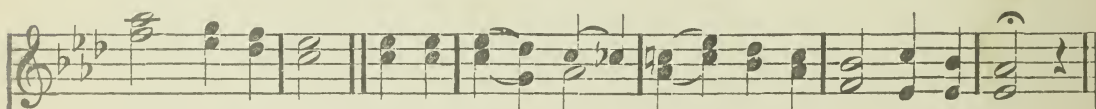
3. From homes fondly cher - ish'd and friends dearly lov'd, At the call of their  
2d Bass.



bo - som and wave o'er their head! Let the beau - ty and fra - grance of



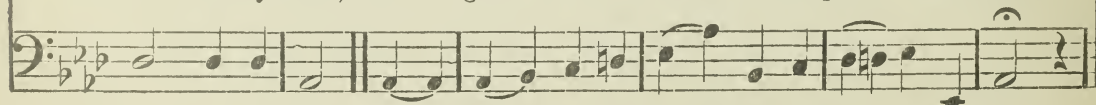
coun - try they fear - less - ly mov'd; On the red fields of bat - tie they

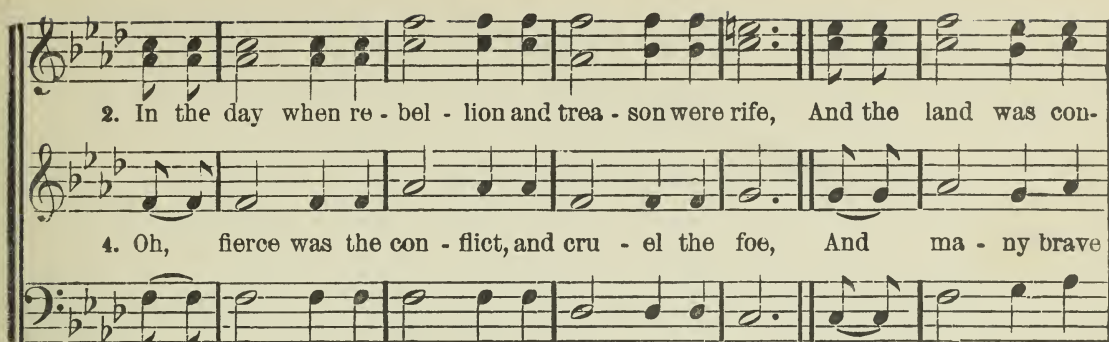


Spring's richest bloom Fill the air that breathes o'er the dead soldier's tomb.



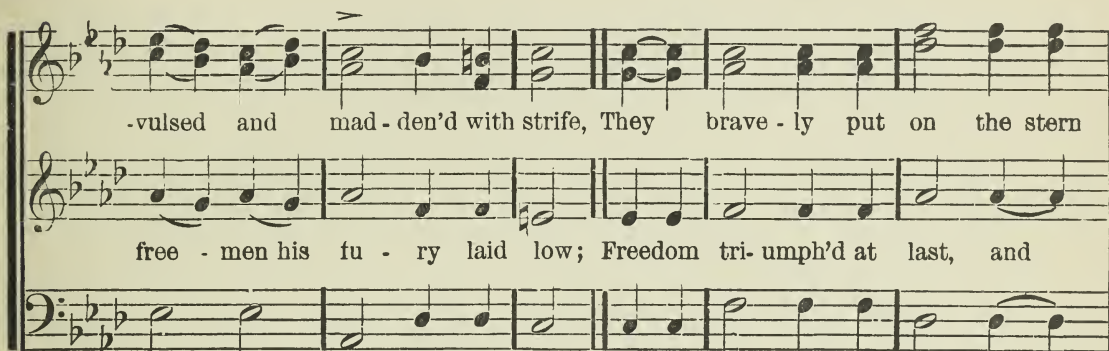
val - iant - ly stood, And gave for the na - tion the price of their blood.





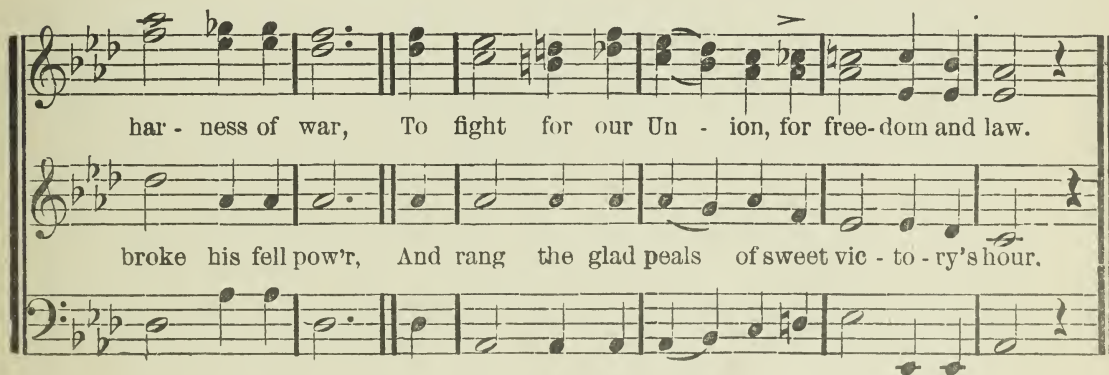
2. In the day when re - bel - lion and trea - son were rife, And the land was con -

4. Oh, fierce was the con - flict, and cru - el the foe, And ma - ny brave



-vulsed and mad - den'd with strife, They brave - ly put on the stern

free - men his fu - ry laid low; Freedom tri - umph'd at last, and



har - ness of war, To fight for our Un - ion, for free - dom and law.

broke his fell pow'r, And rang the glad peals of sweet vic - to - ry's hour.

5.

Then cover with garlands the patriot's grave,  
And perfume the rest of the faithful and brave;  
Bring the beauty and fragrance of Spring's sweetest bloom,  
To honor and hallow the dead hero's tomb!

6.

But no floral wreaths loving hands can entwine,  
Can rival the memories, our fond hearts enshrine,  
Of the noble and brave, the faithful and blest;  
**Honored martyrs of freedom, serene be your rest!**

7.

Then glory to God who our victories gave,  
And praise to the men who our nation did save;  
All honor to heroes departed or given,  
**Their dust rests in peace, may their souls rest in heaven!**

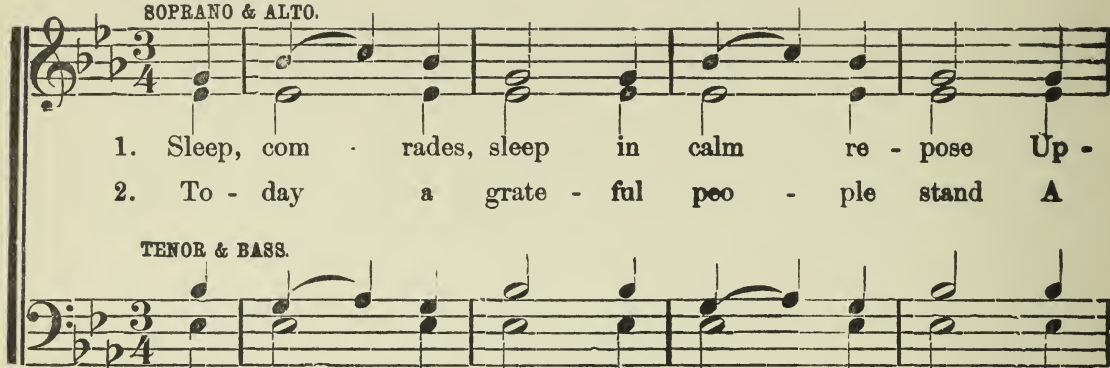
# SLEEP, COMRADES, SLEEP.

## THE SOLDIERS' REQUIEM.

Words and Music by J. HENRY DWYER

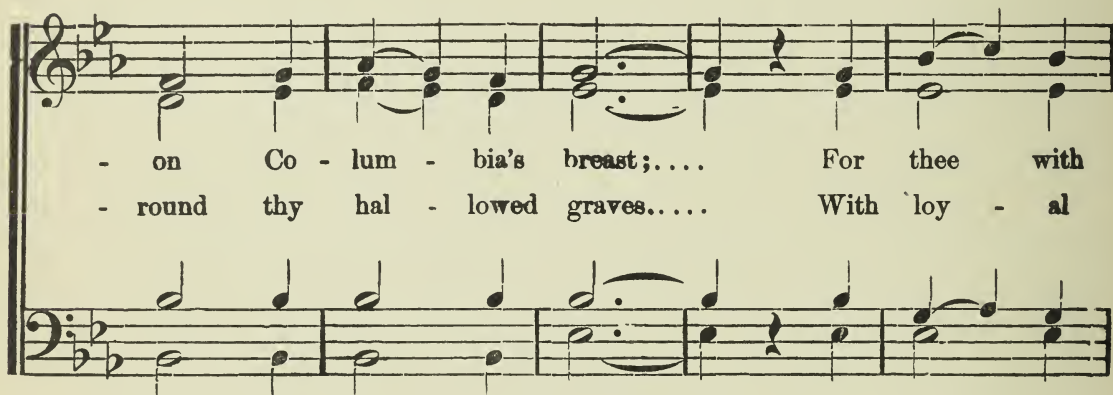
*TENDERLY.*

SOPRANO & ALTO.

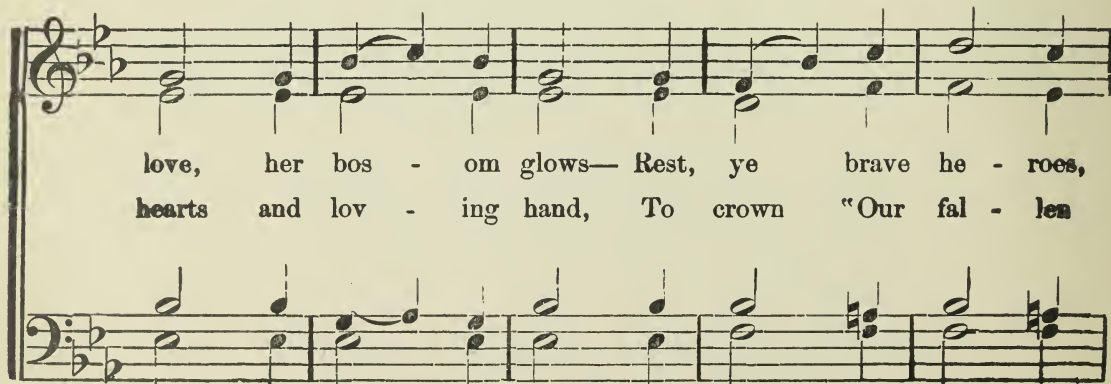


1. Sleep, com - rades, sleep in calm re - pose Up -  
2. To - day a grate - ful peo - ple stand A

TENOR & BASS.



- on Co - lum - bia's breast;.... For thee with  
- round thy hal - lowed graves..... With 'loy - al



love, her bos - om glows— Rest, ye brave he - roes,  
hearts and lov - ing hand, To crown "Our fal - len



rest !. ... We'll deck thy bed with ro - ses  
 Braves" .... Thy deeds up - on their souls are

*ad lib*  
 rare - Em - blems of love and peace—.....  
 'graved In lines of liv - ing light,.....

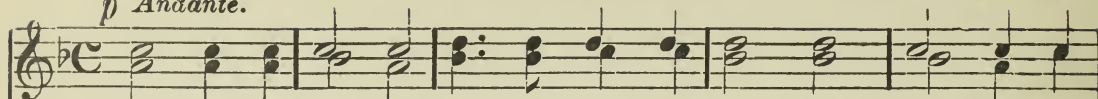
..... Shrined in our hearts thy mem - 'ries  
 ..... The pa - - triots of the land ye

fair Shall reign till life doth cease. ....  
 saved Will see that they glow bright....

1st &amp; 2d TENOR.

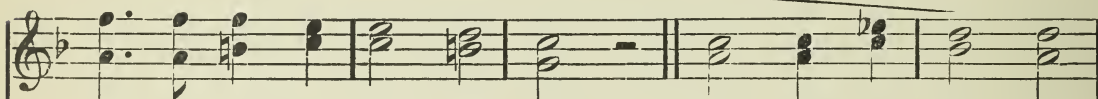
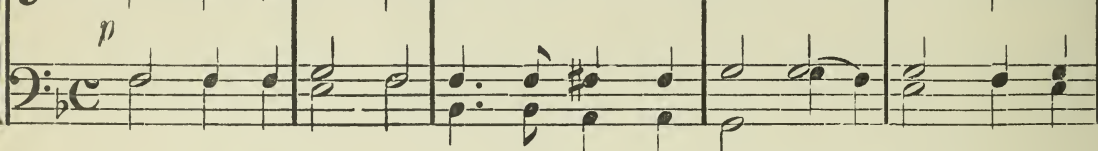
## CONSOLATION.

HOWARD M. DOW.

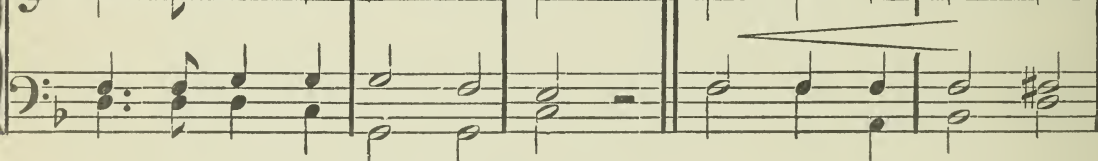
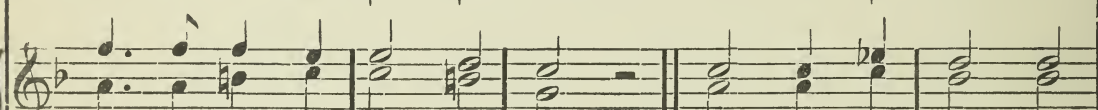
*p Andante.*

1. Come un - to me, when shad - ows dark - ly gath - er, When the sad  
 2. Large are the man - sions in thy Fa - ther's dwell - ing, Glad are the

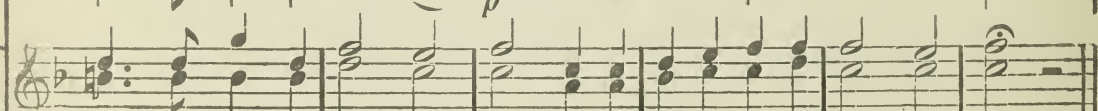
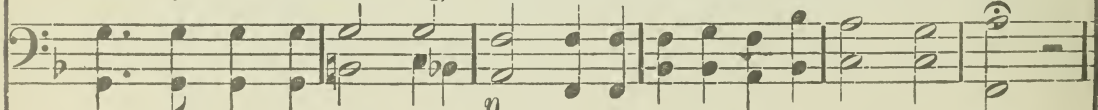
1st &amp; 2d BASS.

*Andante.**p*

heart is wea - ry and dis - tress; Seek - ing for com - fort  
 homes that sor - rows nev - er dim; Sweet are the harps in



from your heavenly Fa - ther: Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.  
 ho - ly mu - sic swell - ing, Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn



*mf*

3. There, like an E - den blos - som - ing in glad - ness, Bloom the fair

*mf*

flow'rs the earth too rude - ly pressed. Come un - to me, all

*p*

ye who droop in sad - ness,—Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.

*pp*



## WE DECK THEIR GRAVES ALIKE TO-DAY.

## MEMORIAL.

Words by SAM'L. N. MITCHELL.

Music by H. P. DANKS.

*Moderato.*

Piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time. The right hand begins with a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment of chords and single notes. The tempo is marked *Moderato* and the dynamic is *mf*.

*mp* 1st & 2d TENOR.*cres.*

1. We deck their graves a - like to - day, With blossoms fresh and fair, ... And  
 2. We deck their graves a - like to - day, With spring-time's fair - est flow'rs, .. And  
 3. We deck their graves a - like to - day, And raise our an - thems high, .... For

*mp* 1st & 2d BASS.*cres.*

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the first system. The vocal parts (Tenors and Basses) enter with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. Dynamics include *mp* and *cres.*

*dim.*

on the gras - sy mounds of clay, We lay the flow'rs with care; As  
 now and then the song - ster's lay, Makes bright the sol - emn hours; The  
 those who fell when far a - way, Be - neath a dis - tant sky; Our

*dim.*

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the second system. The vocal parts continue with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support. Dynamics include *dim.*

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NOTE (This Quartet is preferable without accompaniment.)

*cres.*

o'er each sleep - ing he - ro's head, Our of - fer - ings are placed, The  
 vi - o - let and li - lac, sweet, Or wreath of ev - er - green, At  
 Coun - try call'd her gal - lant sons For ser - vice in the fray, And

*cres.**cres.**dim.*

brav' - ry of our hon - or'd dead, Shall nev - er be e - - rased.  
 eve - ry sol - dier's head and feet, Me - mo - rial Day is seen.  
 on the graves of fall - en ones, We strew sweet flow'rs to - - day.

*dim.**dim.*




## COVER THEM OVER WITH BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

## DECORATION HYMN.

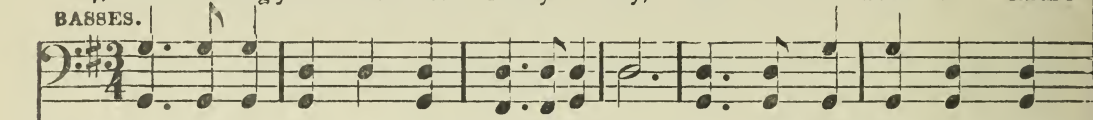


E. F. STEWART.

TENORS.

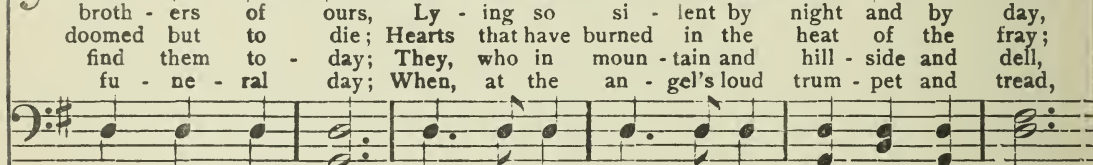


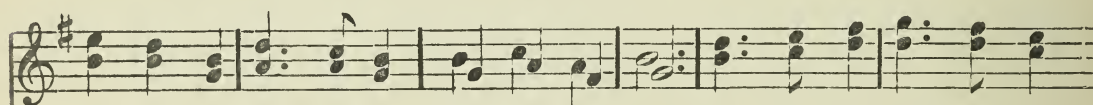
1. Cov - er them o - ver with beautiful flow'rs, Deck them with garlands, those  
 2. Cov - er the hearts that have beaten so high. Beat - en with hopes that were  
 3. Cov - er the thousands who sleep far a - way, Sleep where their friends can - not  
 4. When the long years have rolled slowly a way, E'en to the dawn of earth's

BASSES.







broth - ers of ours, Ly - ing so si - lent by night and by day,  
 doomed but to die; Hearts that have burned in the heat of the fray;  
 find them to - day; They, who in moun - tain and hill - side and dell,  
 fu - ne - ral day; When, at the an - gel's loud trum - pet and tread,





Sleeping the years of their manhood a - way. Give them the meed they have  
 Hearts that have yearned for the home far a - way. Once they were glow - ing with  
 Rest where they wea - ried, and lie where they fell. Soft - ly the grass-blades creep  
 Rise up the fa - ces and forms of the dead, When the great world its last



won in the past; Give them the hon - ors their fu - ture fore -  
 friend - ship and love; Now their great sorls have gone soar - ing a -  
 round their re - pose; Sweet - ly a - bove them the wild flow - ret  
 judg - ment a - waits; When the blue sky shall fling o - pen its

- cast; Give them the chap - lets they won in the strife;  
 - bove; Brave - ly their blood to the na - tion they gave,  
 blows; Zeph - yrs of free - dom fly gen - tly o'er head,  
 gates, And our long col - umns march si - lent - ly through,

Give them the lau - rels they lost with their life.  
 Then in her bo - som they found them a grave.  
 Whis - per - ing prayers for the pa - tri - ot dead  
 Past the Great Cap - tain for fi - nal re - view

## CHORUS.

Cov - er them o - ver, yes, cov - er them over, Pa - rent and  
 Chorus for fourth verse.  
 Bless - ings for garlands shall cov - er them over, Pa - rent and

husband, broth - er and lover, Crown in your hearts those dead  
 husband, broth - er and lover, God will re - ward those dead

he - roes of ours, Cov - er them o - ver with beau - ti - ful flow'rs.  
 he roes of ours, Cov - er them o - ver with beau - ti - ful flow'rs.

# SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Translated from the German, by  
L. C. ELSON.

JOHANNA KINKEL

*poco riten.*

*Andante.*

1. How can I bear to leave thee, One parting kiss I give thee; And  
2. Ne'er more may I behold thee, Or to this heart enfold thee; With  
3. I think of thee with longing, Think thou, when tears are thronging, That

1st & 2d Tenor.

1st & 2d Bass.

*Crescendo e poco accel. al - f* *Tempo 1.*

then whate'er befalls me, I go where honor calls me. Fare - .  
spear and pennon glancing, I see the foe ad - vancing, Fare - .  
with my last faint sighing, I'll whisper soft, while dy - ing, Fare - .

*cres.* *f* *p*

*tranquillo e molto espress.*

*p* *f* *fz* *p* *pp*

well, farewell, my own true love, Farewell, farewell, my own true love.  
well, farewell, my own true love, Farewell, farewell, my own true love.  
well, farewell, my own true love, Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

*p* *f* *fz* *p* *pp*



## I CANNOT ALWAYS TRACE THE WAY.

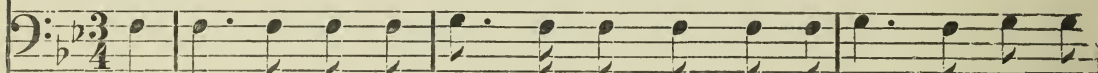
1st & 2d TENOR.  
*Religioso.*

HOWARD M. DOW

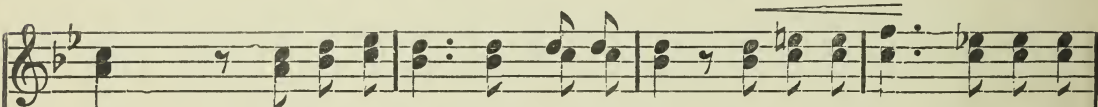
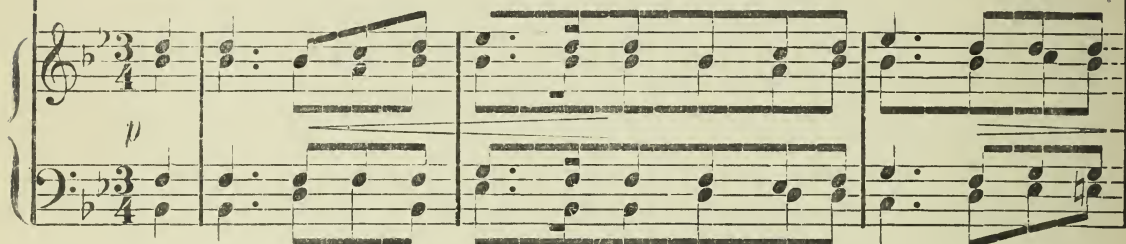


1. I can - not al - ways trace the way Where Thou Al - might - y One dost  
2. When mys - try clouds my dark - ened path, I'll check my dread, my doubts re -

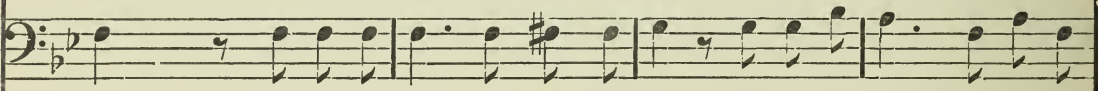
1st Bass.



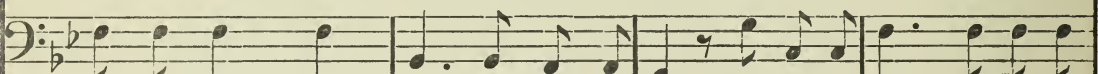
3. Yes! God is love; a word like this Can ev - 'ry gloom - y thought re -  
2d Bass.



move, But I can al - ways, al - ways say, But I can al - ways, always  
- prove; In this my soul sweet com - fort hath, In this my soul sweet comfort



- move, And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss, And turn all tears, all woes, to



1. move, But I can al - ways, al - ways say,  
2. prove; In this my soul sweet com - fort hath.  
3. move, And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss.



Can al-ways  
In this my

say.... That God ... is love. 1. But I can al - ways, al - ways  
hath,... That God.... is love. 2. In this my soul, In this my  
bliss,.... For God.... is love. 3. And turn all tears, And turn all

bliss,.... For God is love. And turn all

say,  
soul

can al - ways say That God is love.  
sweet com-fort hath, That God is love.

*pp rit.*

But I can al - ways, al - ways say that God is love.  
sweet com-fort hath, sweet com-fort hath, That God is love.  
All woes, to bliss, All woes, to bliss, For God is love.

tears, All woes, to bliss, For God is love.

*pp rit.*



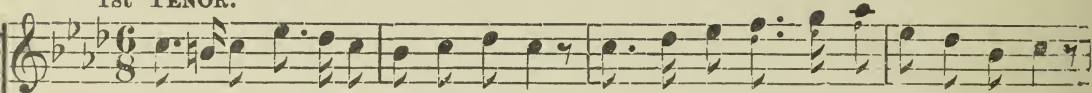
## SILENTLY, TENDERLY, MOURNFULLY HOME.

Words by J. W. BARKER.

## QUARTETTE.

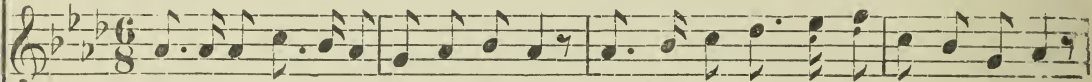
Music by N. BARKER

1st TENOR.



1. Si - lently, tender-ly, mournful-ly home, From the red bat - tle field Volunteers come,

2d TENOR.\*

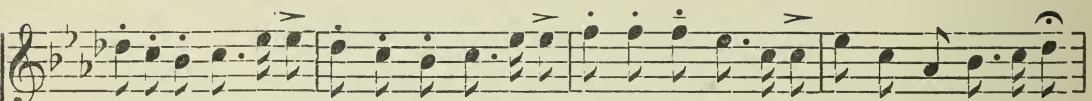
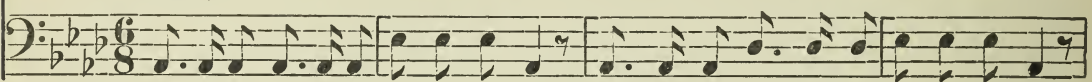


1st BASS.

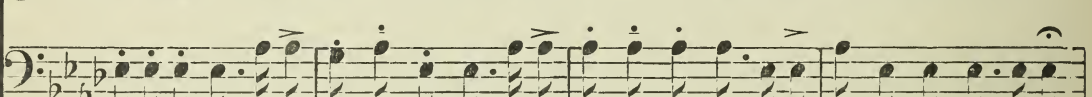
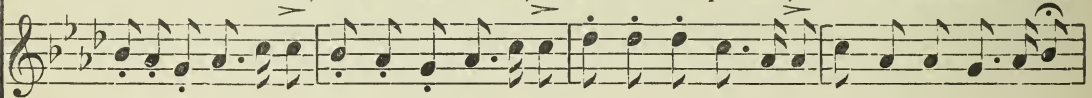


2. Si - lently, tender-ly, mournful-ly home, Where should the fallen brave Volunteers come,

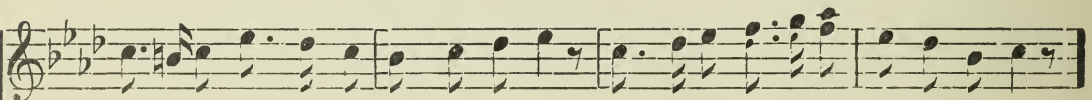
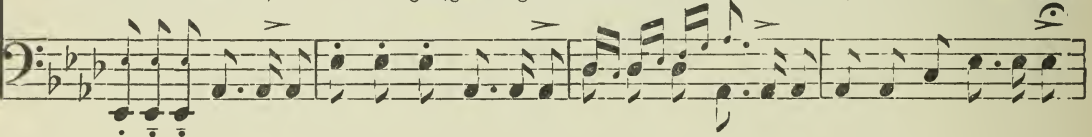
2d BASS.



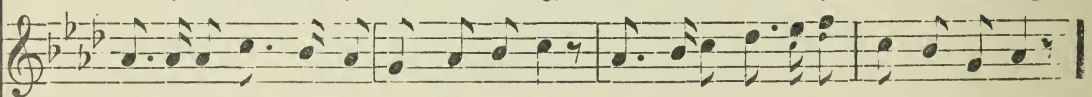
Not with a loud hurrah, Nor with a wild eclat, Not with the tramp of war, Come our brave sons from far.



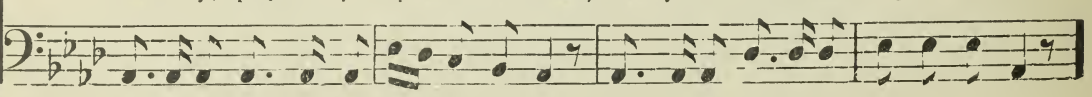
But to his native hills, Where the bright, gushing rills Freedom's sweet music fills, And her soft dew distills!



Gently and noise-less-ly bear them a-long, Hush'd be the bat-tle hymn, music and song.

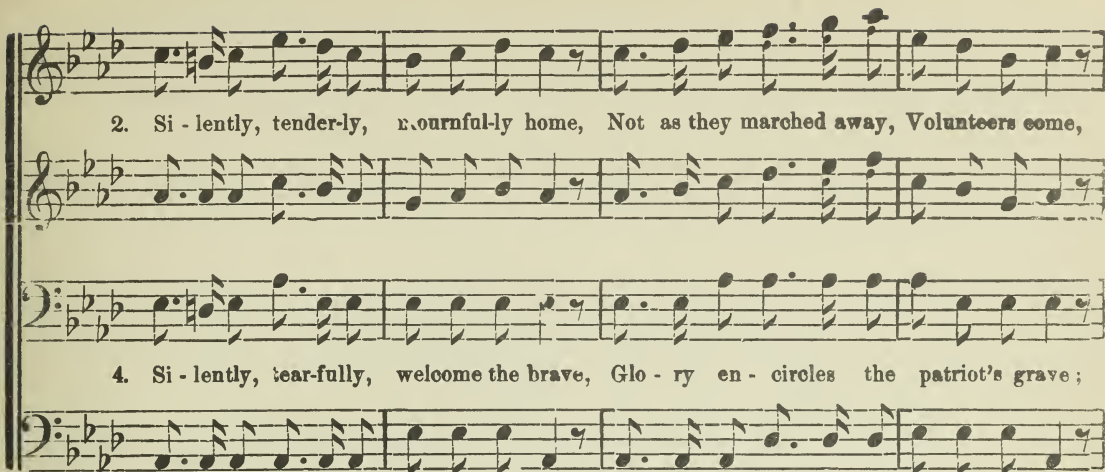


Peacefully, prayerful-ly, lay our brave friend, Close by the home that he fought to defend.



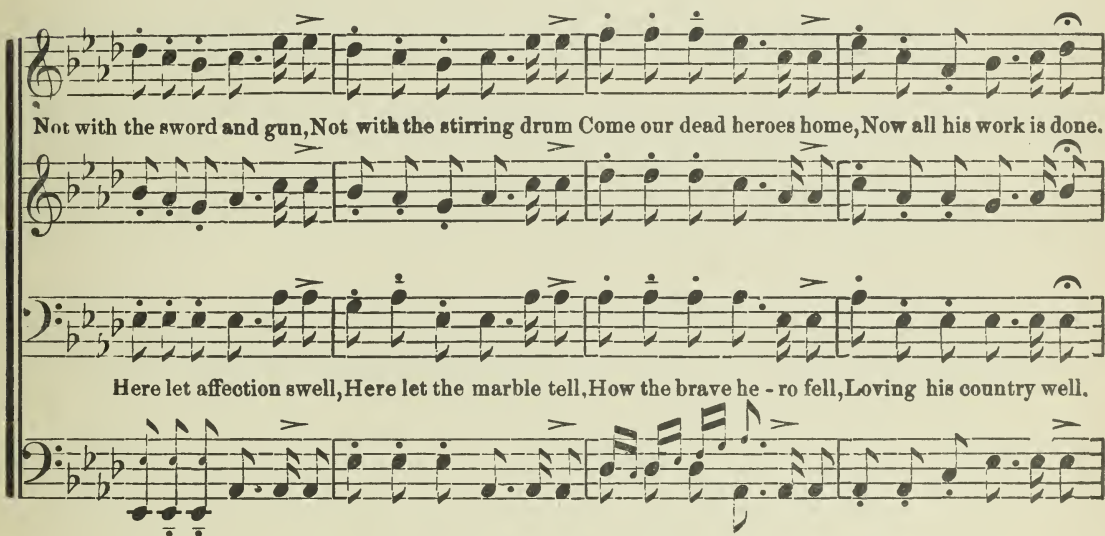
\* May be sung as Alto, 2nd lower





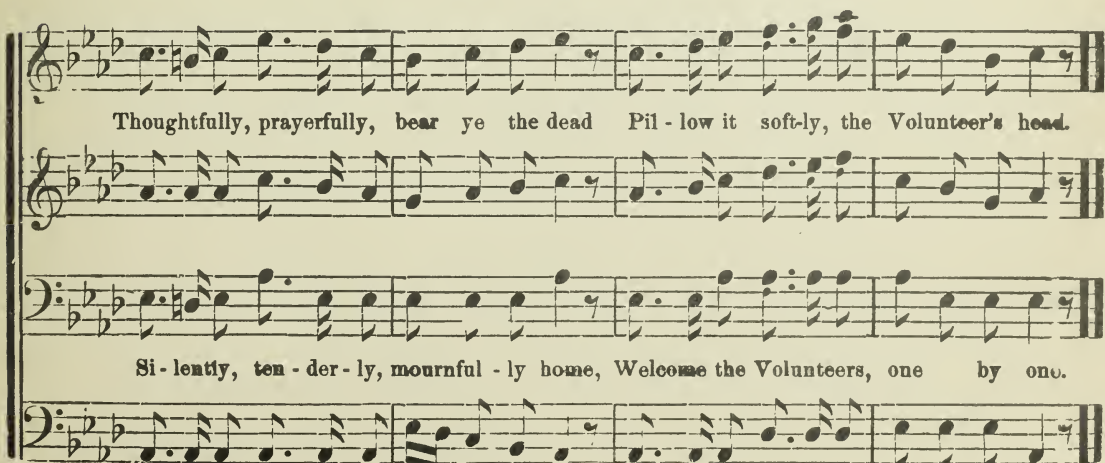
2. Si - lently, tender-ly, mournful-ly home, Not as they marched away, Volunteers come,

4. Si - lently, tear-fully, welcome the brave, Glo - ry en - circles the patriot's grave;



Not with the sword and gun, Not with the stirring drum Come our dead heroes home, Now all his work is done.

Here let affection swell, Here let the marble tell, How the brave he - ro fell, Loving his country well.



Thoughtfully, prayerfully, bear ye the dead Pil - low it soft-ly, the Volunteer's head.

Si - lently, ten - der - ly, mournful - ly home, Welcome the Volunteers, one by one.

# "OUR NATIVE LAND."

A. BILLETER, Op. 39. No. 1.

English Adaptation by M. H. CROSS.

*Con spirito.*

*ff* 1<sup>st</sup> TENOR.

1. With hearts now touched by tend' - rest

2<sup>d</sup> TENOR

*ff* 1<sup>st</sup> BASS

2 Let ev' - - ry bless - ing now shed its

2<sup>d</sup> BASS

*mf*

*p* feel - ings, Oh, let us praise our na - tive land; *sf* For her we'll

*p* fragrance, And peace and plen-ty o'er us shower; *sf* Let health and

*leicht.*

*mf*

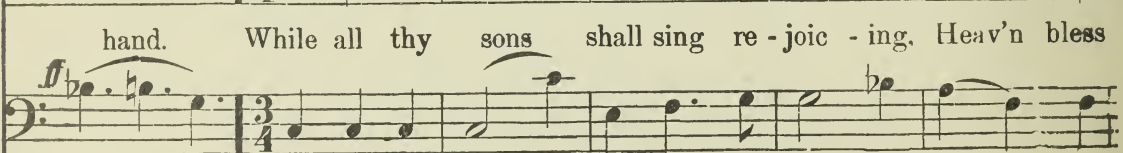
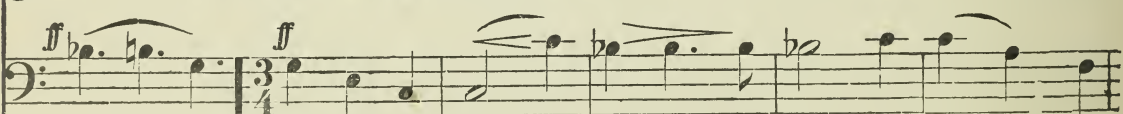
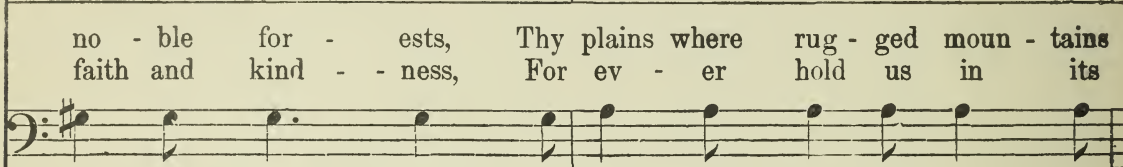
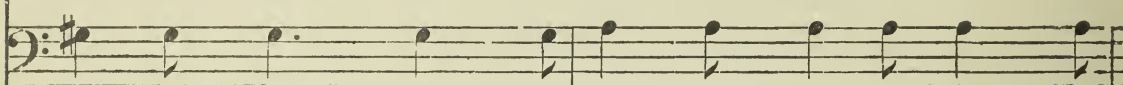
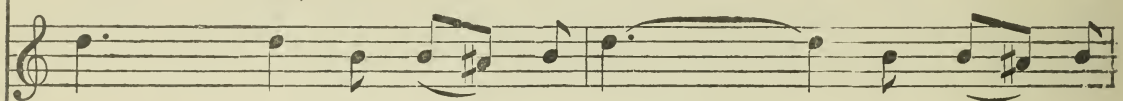
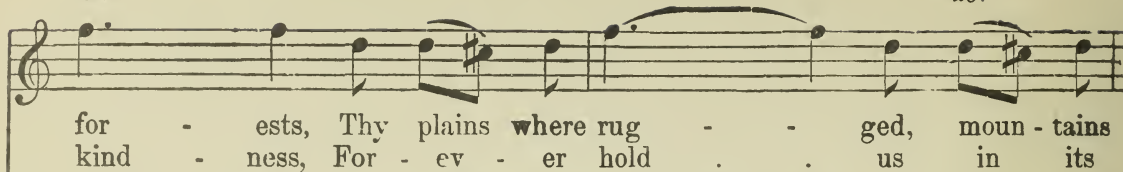
sing our no-blest songs, And lav-ish gifts with o-pen  
 hap-pi-ness at-tend us, Till all have felt their mag-ic

hand, Oh, land with all thy no-ble  
 power, Oh, may the bond of faith and

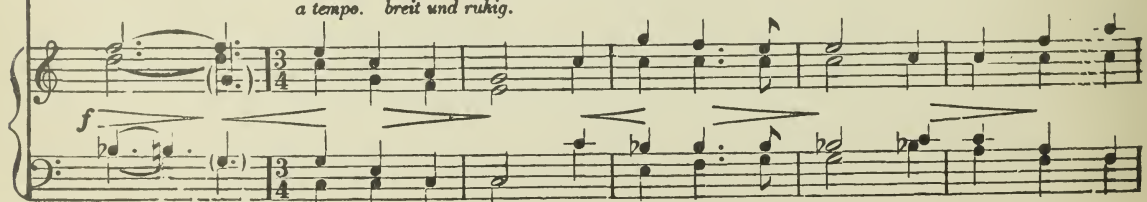


cen

ad.



a tempo. breit und ruhig.



thee, Our na - - tive land! With God's pure sky blue mantling

thee, Our na - - tive land! While all thy sons shall sing re -

*mf* *piu f*

o'er us. Heav'n bless thee, Our na - - tive land!

joic - ing. Heav'n bless thee, Our na - - tive land!

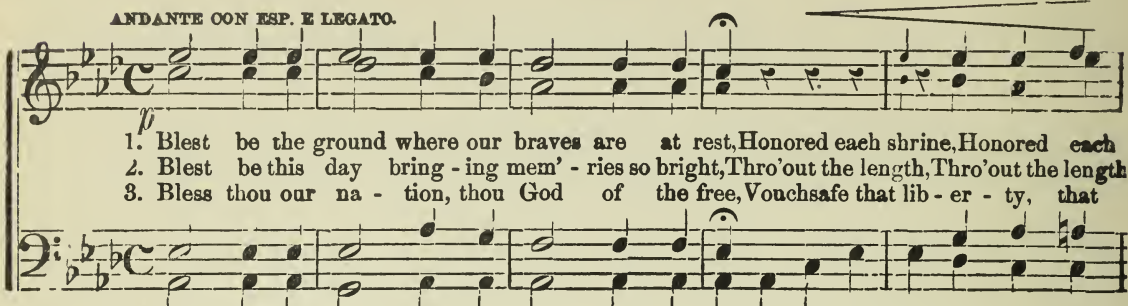
*f* *rit.*

# "BLEST BE THE GROUND."

W. J. D. LEAVITT.

Words by COL. CHARLES H. CLARKE. Dedicated to the G. A. R.

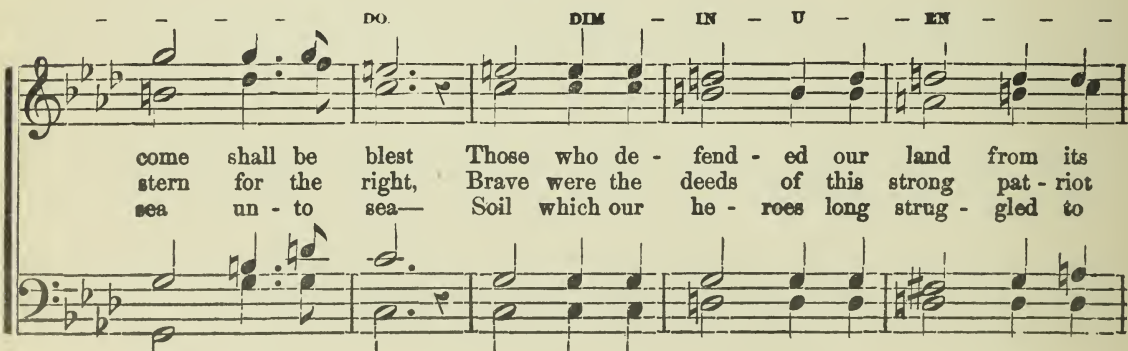
ANDANTE CON ESP. E LEGATO.



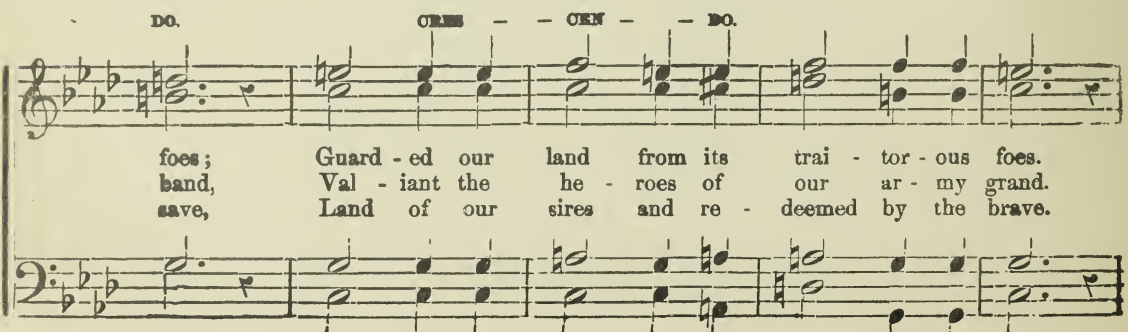
1. Blest be the ground where our braves are at rest, Honored each shrine, Honored each  
 2. Blest be this day bring - ing mem' - ries so bright, Thro'out the length, Thro'out the length  
 3. Bless thou our na - tion, thou God of the free, Vouchsafe that lib - er - ty, that



shrine where our Mar - tyrs re - pose, On through the a - ges to  
 and the breadth of our land, Stout were these hearts who fought  
 lib - er - ty our Fa - thers gave; Guard thou our coun - try from



come shall be blest Those who de - fend - ed our land from its  
 stern for the right, Brave were the deeds of this strong pat - riot  
 sea un - to sea— Soil which our he - roes long strug - gled to



foes; Guard - ed our land from its trai - tor - ous foes.  
 band, Val - iant the he - roes of our ar - my grand.  
 save, Land of our sires and re - deemed by the brave.



*f* *ff*

Com-rades, advance in the East and the West! Com-rades, ad-  
 Comrades, advance and make sa - cred this rite, Com-rades, ad-  
 Comrades, this trust keep for mil - lions to be, Com-rades, this

*f* *ACOL. SEMPER. p*

vance from the East to the West! Scat - ter fresh gar - lands where  
 vance and make sa - cred this rite, Twine your fresh lau - rel wreaths  
 trust keep for mil - lions to be, A - ges to come will re -

*SOLO. p*

*pp p*

Mar - tyrs re-pose, re-pose, Plant the old flag where our Braves are at  
 o - ver the land, the land, Hallowed this day charged with mem'ries so  
 mem - ber each grave, each grave, Cost of our na - tion so dear, yet so

*pp mf DIM. RIT.*

rest, at rest, Scat - ter fresh gar - lands where Mar-tyrs re - pose.....  
 bright, so bright, Twine your fresh lau - rel wreaths o - ver the land,.....  
 free! so free! A - ges to come will re - mem-ber each grave,.....

*pp mf DIM. RIT.*

*f p RIT. pp*

Plant the old flag where our Braves are at rest!  
 Hal - low this day charged with mem' - ries so bright.  
 Cost of our na - tion so dear, yet so free!

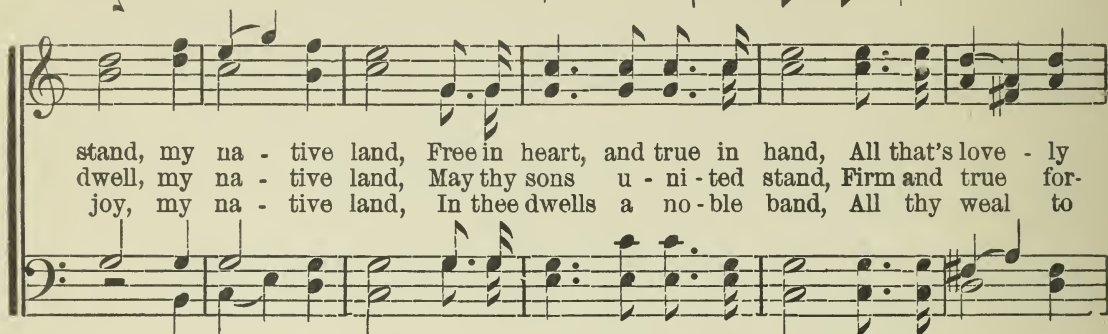
*f p pp*

## FIRMLY STAND, MY NATIVE LAND.

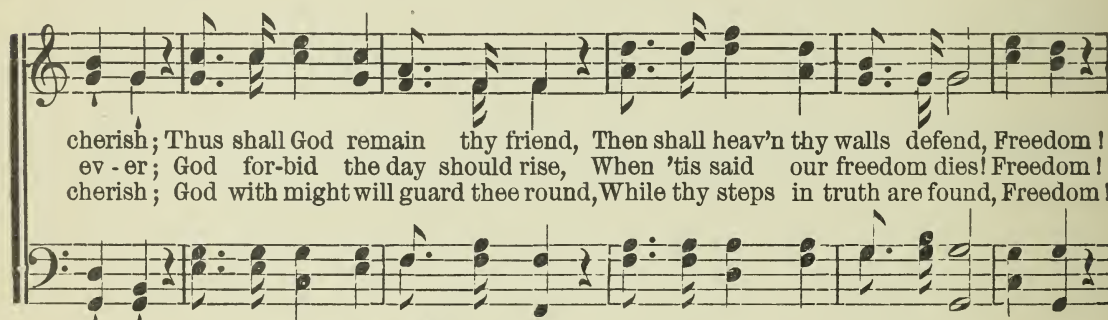
NAGELLI

*With energy.*

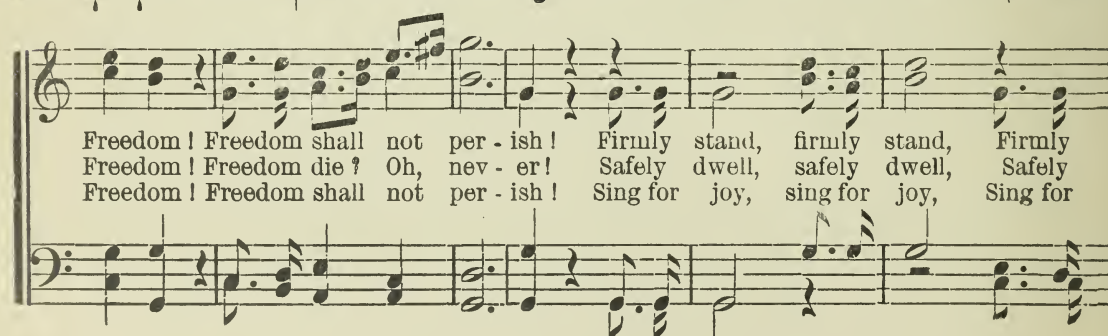

1. Firmly stand, firmly stand, my na - tive land, Firmly stand, firmly  
 2. Safely dwell, safely dwell, my na - tive land, Safely dwell, safely  
 3. Sing for joy, sing for joy, my na - tive land, Sing for joy, Sing for



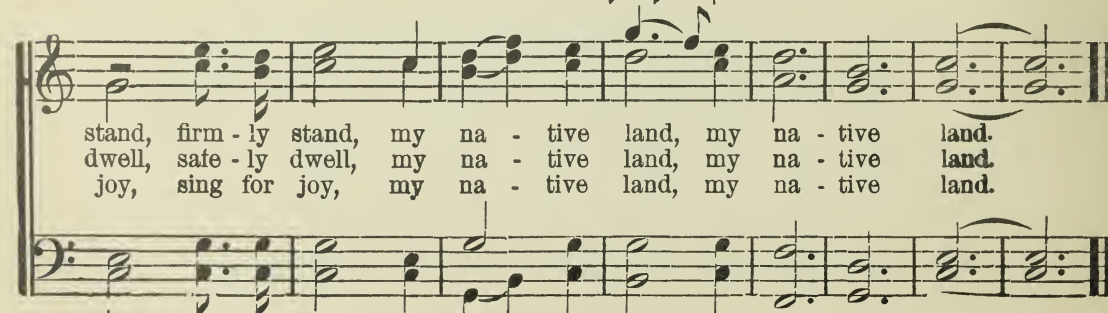
stand, my na - tive land, Free in heart, and true in hand, All that's love - ly  
 dwell, my na - tive land, May thy sons u - ni - ted stand, Firm and true for -  
 joy, my na - tive land, In thee dwells a no - ble band, All thy weal to



cherish; Thus shall God remain thy friend, Then shall heav'n thy walls defend, Freedom!  
 ev - er; God for - bid the day should rise, When 'tis said our freedom dies! Freedom!  
 cherish; God with might will guard thee round, While thy steps in truth are found, Freedom!



Freedom! Freedom shall not per - ish! Firmly stand, firmly stand, Firmly  
 Freedom! Freedom die? Oh, nev - er! Safely dwell, safely dwell, Safely  
 Freedom! Freedom shall not per - ish! Sing for joy, sing for joy, Sing for



stand, firm - ly stand, my na - tive land, my na - tive land.  
 dwell, safe - ly dwell, my na - tive land, my na - tive land.  
 joy, sing for joy, my na - tive land, my na - tive land.

From NAGELL.

*Cantabile.*

1. How gen - tle God's commands! How kind his pre - cepts are!  
 2. His boun - ty will pro - vide, His saints se - cure - ly dwell;  
 3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind!

Come, cast your bur - den on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.  
 That hand which bears cre - a - tion up, Shall guard his chil - dren well.  
 Oh, seek your heaven - ly Fa - ther's throne, And peace and com - fort find.

## CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD.

By L. O. EMERSON.

*p*  
 Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, and he will sus - tain thee,

He will comfort thee; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.



## NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

6s &amp; 4s.

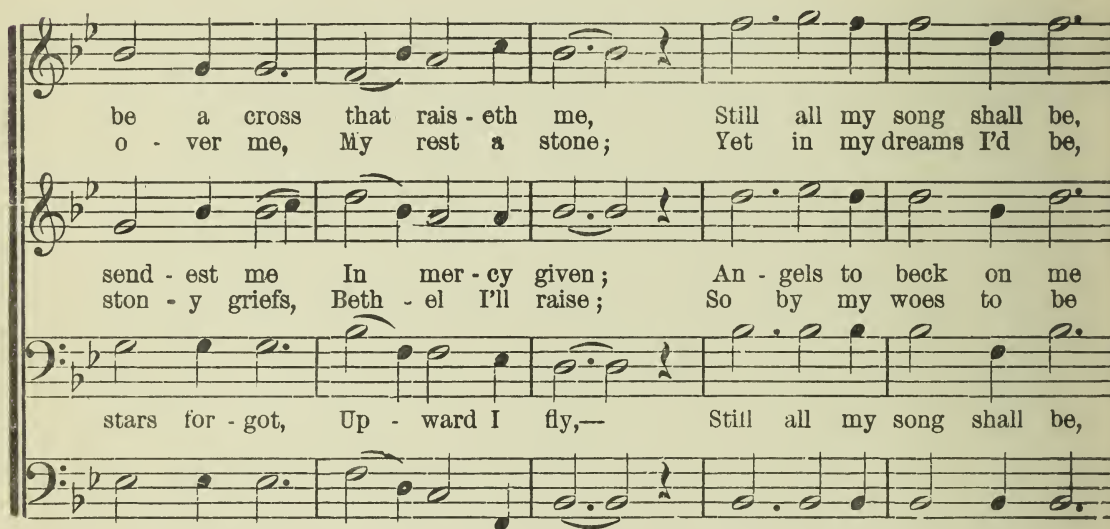
LOWELL MASON.

*Religioso.*


1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee; E'en though it  
 2. Though like a wan - der - er, Day - light all gone, Dark - ness be

3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven; All that thou  
 4. Then with my wak - ing thoughts Bright with thy praise, Out of my

5. Or if on joy - ful wings, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon and



be a cross that rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be,  
 o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be,

send - est me In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck on me  
 ston - y griefs, Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be

stars for - got, Up - ward I fly,— Still all my song shall be,



Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

# AMERICAN NATIONAL SONGS.

(OCTAVO SIZE.)

A LIST OF THE BEST AND MOST WIDELY KNOWN

## \* PATRIOTIC SONGS \*

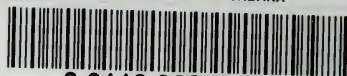
SUITABLE FOR ALL PUBLIC OCCASIONS.

8164	AMERICA, or MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE. (Mixed Quartet.)	S. F. SMITH.	6
4578	AMERICA, or MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE. (Male Quartet.)	S. F. SMITH.	10
5868	AMERICAN HYMN, and OUR BRAVES. (Male Quartet.)	M. KELLER.	6
4090	AMERICAN FLAG. (Mixed Quartet.)	L. O. EMERSON.	10
4144	AMERICAN HYMN. (Mixed Quartet.)	M. KELLER.	10
5470	ANGEL OF PEACE. (Mixed Quartet.)	(O. W. Holmes) M. KELLER.	10
6046	BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC. (Solo and Mixed Chorus.)	Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE.	6
7980	BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC. (Solo and Male Chorus.)	Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE.	6
8114	BLEST OF GOD, THE GOD OF NATIONS. <i>National Hymn Ed.</i> (Mix. Qt.)	J. E. TROWBRIDGE.	10
56	BLEST OF GOD, THE GOD OF NATIONS. <i>School Celebration Ed.</i> (Mix. Qt.)	J. E. TROWBRIDGE.	10
8122	CENTENNIAL HYMN. (Mixed Quartet.)	JOHN K. PAINE.	10
6744	COLUMBUS HYMN. ( <i>Written for World's Columbian Exposition.</i> ) (Mix. Cho.)	JOHN K. PAINE.	12
4141	COLUMBIA. (Mixed Quartet.)	P. S. GILMORE.	12
3767	COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN, or RED, WHITE AND BLUE. (Solo & Cho.)	D. T. SHAW.	6
3825	GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND. (AMERICA.) (Mixed Quartet.)	E. THAYER.	8
2363	GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND. (Mixed Quartet.)	S. P. TUCKERMAN.	10
4106	GOD OF OUR FATHERS, or PRAYER FOR THE REPUBLIC. (Mixed Qt.)	H. P. DANKS.	8
4555	GOD SAVE OUR UNION. (Mixed Quartet.)	P. S. GILMORE.	10
4073	OUR VICTORIOUS BANNER. (Mixed Quartet.)	JULIUS BENEDICT.	10
5504	HAIL! ALL HAIL! (Centennial Hymn.) (Male Quartet.)	H. W. FAIRBANK.	10
6404	HAIL COLUMBIA. (Solo and Chorus.)	G. J. WEBB.	6
6175	LAND OF FREEDOM. (Soprano Solo and Mixed Chorus.)	J. B. ALZEDO.	6
6394	LAND OF FREEDOM, and STAR SPANGLED BANNER. (Male Quartets.)	W. O. PERKINS.	6
5918	LAND OF OUR FATHERS. (Mixed Quartet.)	WEBB.	6
5954	LAND OF WASHINGTON. (Baritone Solo and Male Trio.)	W. O. PERKINS.	6
4005	LAND WE LOVE. (Chorus for July 4th.) (Mixed Chorus.)	T. F. SEWARD.	8
8152	LANDING OF COLUMBUS. (Soprano Solo and Mixed Chorus.)	"CLEMENCIA DI TITO."	8
5830	LET THE HILLS AND VALES RESOUND. (Mixed Quartet.)	BRINLEY RICHARDS.	12
6510	MAY GOD PROTECT COLUMBIA. (Mixed Quartet.)	J. R. THOMAS.	12
6545	NATIVE LAND. (Mixed Quartet.)	L. H. SOUTHARD.	6
4788	NATIONAL HYMN—HEAR US, LORD OF THE WORLD. (Mixed Chorus.)	S. H. MEHUL.	6
5957	NATIONAL PRAISE. (Mixed Quartet.)	MARTEL.	6
7105	NATIONAL SONGS FOR MALE VOICES—Columbia the Gem of the Ocean, or Red, White and Blue		12
7101	—Hail Columbia—My Country 'tis of Thee—Star Spangled Banner—Yankee Doodle		12
4015	NATION'S DAY IS BREAKING. (Male Quartet.)	VON WEBER.	6
4560	O BLESSED IS THE NATION. (Mixed Chorus.)	E. THAYER.	6
6405	O NATIVE LAND, PEACE BE TO THEE. (Mixed Quartet.)	E. THAYER.	6
6735	ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO. (Male Quartet.)	W. S. HAYS.	10
6317	ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO. (Mixed Quartet.)	VIOLETTA.	10
6050	ONWARD MARCH. (Male Quartet.)	W. O. PERKINS.	6
6697	OUR BANNER OF GLORY. (Mixed Quartet.)	W. C. PETERS.	6
5615	OUR BANNER OF GLORY. (Male Quartet.)	(H. C. Peters) W. DRESSLER.	8
7308	OUR FLAG IS THERE. (Tenor Solo and Male Quartet.)		6
4013	OUR FLAG IS THERE, and AMERICA. (Mixed Quartets.)		6
6767	OUR NATIVE LAND. (Mixed Quartet.)	L. O. EMERSON.	6
5654	OUR NOBLE LAND. (Mixed Chorus.)	F. L. BRISTOW.	8
4124	PATRIOTIC SELECTIONS FOR MIXED VOICES—Columbia the Gem of the Ocean, or Red, White		10
4218	and Blue—Hail Columbia—My Country 'tis of Thee—Star Spangled Banner—Our Flag is there..		10
4211	RING, RING, OF LIBERTY AND PEACE. (Air, "Marseilles Hymn.") (Mixed Qt.)	CARRINGTON.	8
7873	SING FOR THE PRAISE OF OUR COUNTRY. (Female Trio.)	H. K. OLIVER.	6
5439	STAR SPANGLED BANNER. (Mixed Quartet.)		6
8165	TO THEE, O COUNTRY. (Mixed Quartet.)	J. EICHBERG.	12
	TO THEE, O COUNTRY. (Female Trio.)	J. EICHBERG.	12
	TO THEE, O COUNTRY. (Male Quartet.)	J. EICHBERG.	12
	UP WITH THE STARS AND STRIPES. (Male Quartet.)	H. P. DANKS.	8
	YANKEE DOODLE. (Mixed Quartet.)	J. C. M.	6

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8175	"DIXIE'S LAND."	<i>Solo and Mixed Chorus.</i>	(D. Emmett) COLLIN COE .06
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8228	"STAR SPANGLED BANNER."	<i>Solo and Male Chorus.</i>	.06
5434	"TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND"	<i>Male Quartet.</i>	COLLIN COE .12
7251	"TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND."	<i>Male Quartet.</i>	HERBERT JOHNSON .16
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